JOHN BULL, JUNE 29, 1940. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVII 1776

AIR RAID INSURANCE FREE for EVERY READER

YOUR FRONT LINE JOB by the EDITOR

THE EMPIRE'S "FINEST HOUR" by A.G.G.

Save for Victory

(What you have to do)

Every time you have a coin in your hand—think before you spend it. The money is wanted—urgently wanted—in the fight for freedom, for our homes—for our very lives.

Bring out every shilling you can spare *now*!

Go to a Post Office or your Bank and put your money into National Savings Certificates or Defence Bonds, or deposit your savings in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks.

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There is no time to lose. The need is **urgent.**

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(51)

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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, June 29, 1940.
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"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

ALONE, AND YET HOW STRONG!

NOW that France is conquered, Great Britain, with the Empire, has to face the might of Germany alone. She can do it, but for the next three months we shall need our utmost fortitude.

Hitler is staking everything upon victory before the winter. We are staking not only our lives and our freedom, but the fate of civilisation, upon holding fast until the darkening days begin to lighten our tremendous task.

The testing time is now. With each week of dauntless resistance our strength will grow and his decline. And so—each to his post of duty!

Not Friendless, but Alone

We are not friendless. Every free country in the world supports our cause, but none of them—not even the United States—can yet fight at our side.

Interventionist feeling in America grows ever stronger, but it would be fatal to leave anything undone because, one day, "America may come in."

All we can be certain of is that her great material support will constantly increase and may become a decisive factor—in three months' time.

Our Sure Shield

Thank God for the Navy and the Air Force! In them this country has a sure shield. They must bear the brunt of conflict.

Not weaker, but relatively far stronger than it was, the Navy is confident of maintaining the freedom of the seas against all attack.

It cannot stop bombers, but the Air Force will take a heavy and growing toll from the raiders and will constantly strike back at the enemy..

Moreover, by the winter, we shall not only have better machines and better pilots than the Germans—that superiority is already established beyond question!—but also immensely increased numerical strength.

Disagreements Vanish

We stand alone, but remember that we are strong.

There are 500,000,000 of us, a quarter of the population of the world, occupying a quarter of its land surface, controlling one-third of its resources.

Seventy millions of us are white people. Millions of our coloured people are just as eager for victory.

Indians who disagree with us politically are with us against Hitler. We never shall forget that!

This We Must Do!

Yes, we are strong, but Samson himself, leaning on the pillars, brought the edifice toppling down.

We mustn't lean.

We must fight. We must work. We must organise.

When food is wanted our farmers must see it is there. When vital docks and buildings are damaged, both the men and the machines should be immediately available to repair them.

No Spoon-feeding

We can learn many bitter lessons from France's defeat.

Official quarters in France now admit "that the Government should have placed more faith in the people and confided in them."

Her over-drastic censorship, designed to stave off defeat, helped to bring defeat.

Let us not forget that.

Adolf Weakening!

Telegraphing from Turkey, Gordon Young, famous Reuter correspondent who was permitted to see the development of the Nazi machine during years in Germany, points out a danger.

Just as we underrated the power and resources of the enemy until a few weeks ago, now we are running the risk of overrating them.

In the placatory interview Hitler gave to an American journalist he sees a desire to retard the swift aid that the United States is anxious to give us.

At Least He's Worried

Why? Because tremendous forces must expend themselves, and the Nazi effort has had to beat against many rocks.

Because Hitler appears to be worried.

Gordon Young knows the Nazi propaganda machine, and its recent activities suggest to him that the Beast of Europe really IS worried.

Tell Them This

If you hear any member of the B.E.F. complain that there were few R.A.F. machines defending them when the German power-dive bombers were attacking, tell him this:—

German prisoners captured in those operations complain bitterly that when the British machines were flaying them there were no Nazi machines to be seen.

During five savage, desperate days it was thought more important for fighters to intercept bombers behind the lines than to fight them in sight of the infantry.

The R.A.F. did miracles.

Think This Over Next

In these days, the more money we can save the country the better.

Yet a Flight-Lieutenant who wants to send his four children to the United States at his own expense finds he must leave it to the taxpayer.

Regulations prohibit the sending of any money to Canada or the United States—even for the maintenance of evacuated dependants.

And Americans, who would supply the money until the war is over, are precluded, under the Johnson Act, from making loans to nationals of any belligerent country.

"THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN IS ABOUT TO BEGIN"—The Prime Minister.

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BRIGHT SPOTS

● **In America's Middle West—hotbed of isolationism—not one in five hundred favoured intervention six months ago. Canvass suggests figure is now forty-three in one hundred.**

* * *

● *U.S. ban on volunteers for Europe may soon be raised. Thousands of civilian pilots want to come here.*

* * *

● **Meantime, Germany's shortage of pilots is becoming acute; estimated that 20 per cent. have been lost—her best men.**

* * *

● **German airmen have had little experience of long-distance flying. Many reach Britain only by following leaders. They know little of navigation.**

* * *

● **Black-out regulations partially lifted in Vienna and other Austrian towns because of nightly attacks on Gestapo officials and other prominent Nazis under cover of darkness.**

* * *

● **Even inside Germany itself ban on revealing casualties is extended to any mention of R.A.F. raids, which are distressing a population unused to war within its own gates.**

* * *

● **From all parts of Italian Empire reports reach Rome: "Loyalty of our native troops cannot be depended on."**

* * *

● *People of Islamic countries are flocking to British colours. The Royal Standard of Haile Selassie has been raised in several Abyssinian provinces that Italy could never thoroughly subdue.*

* * *

● **Extra meat supplies will be coming here now that we are no longer helping feed a huge French army with Dominion meat.**

* * *

● *Recent R.A.F. raids have reduced output of Hermann Goering oil-from-coal works by half. Reconstruction will take nine months—if R.A.F. permit.*

* * *

● **Germany, regarding "tommy" gun as indispensable to modern war, is dismayed to find the United States—home of the idea—will soon be supplying us with ten times more than she can make—and far superior.**

History Books, Please

Waterloo was 125 years ago last week.

Until near the end it seemed as though we might lose.

Then Wellington, surrounded by the bodies of his staff officers, said suddenly, "By God, I believe we shall beat them yet."

Ever asked a Briton to join you at cricket? Ever heard him say, "I don't boast that I'm a good player, but I can get the runs when they're wanted badly."

Flying School Waste

We have the address of an R.A.F. flying school where thousands of gallons of used aero-oil are thrown away, packing material in which goods arrive is burnt, valuable scrap metal is dumped.

In one corner is an accumulation of machine-gun cartridges that has been growing more mountainous throughout the months.

Sir Archibald Sinclair is doing wonders as Air Minister.

We're sure this hint will be enough.

They Are Guilty

Local authorities, teaching us how to avoid waste, are guilty of it themselves

They are wasting thousands of tons of paper on voluminous reports that ratepayers might read if they were cut down to one-hundredth the length.

Appearing twelve months after the events they describe, they are just about as topical as the periodicals in a dentist's waiting-room.

Where There's a Will

Not allowed by their Nazi over-lords to print one word favourable to Britain, and compelled to pay continual tribute to German superiority, Czech newspapers tried a ruse.

When Czech publishers produced a cheap edition of Charles Dickens' "David Copperfield" all Czech journalists simultaneously "plugged" the book.

And now Czech workers, reading robust words about a robust people, know where superiority really lies.

(CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE)

There was a time when it seemed strange that Hitler should be so keen on our covering Britain with a network of monster motor-roads like his own *autobahnen*.

German lecturers were available for any British organisation that wanted to hear all the virtues of these roads.

They didn't tell us that they made remarkably fine landing-grounds for aircraft.

Motor Road Riddle

"Highways and Bridges," authoritative journal of Britain's road-making industry, gives a strange story revealed by a member of a leading London firm of consulting engineers.

Two men approached the firm in question and asked it to prepare plans and estimates for a motor-road from London to Brighton.

The money was to be provided by a foreign syndicate. It was learned later that it was German.

Why Did They Do It?

Although the men sought to prove that the idea was commercial, and that hotels were to be built here and there as part of the scheme, consulting engineers were suspicious.

"They came to the conclusion that it had something to do with a projected invasion of Britain, although they couldn't understand how such a road would fit in with such a scheme."

They hadn't heard of parachute troops then.

The authorities should study every German-inspired institution or activity in this country.

Real Sky-Pilots!

How silly all this talk about arming every civilian. One M.P. goes so far as to suggest that every housewife should be given a bomb.

There would be heavy casualties among country parsons, who have been treated with great suspicion—in some cases detained—since parachute troops were dropped in clerical garb.

Rules of Murder

These "Arm Everybody" hot-heads should study those laws and customs of war decided at The Hague in 1907 and ratified by Britain.

To have belligerent status, militia and volunteers have to be properly commanded, bear distinctive signs recognisable at a distance, carry arms openly, conduct operations in accordance with the laws and customs of war.

That safeguards our L.D.V.s from being shot out-of-hand as *franc-tireurs*.

Dangerous Ideas

There are safeguards, too, for inhabitants who, on the approach of an army, spontaneously take to arms to resist—if they haven't had time to organise themselves, and they carry arms openly and respect the laws and customs of war.

Yet a high military authority says women found in possession of hand-grenades would be shot outright by the enemy. So would many more people into whose hands some of our M.P.s would push arms.

Therefore, these "Arm Everybody" suggestions are idiotic and dangerous.

Harsh Army Law

Incidentally, army law is operating harshly against troops in a certain village.

Men of a battery did £2,000 worth of wilful damage to empty houses taken over as billets.

And now every soldier in the village, including some who were in other units and others who were in civilian life when the damage was done, must pay a share at the rate of 4s. a week, leaving nothing for smokes and comforts.

- **Why Hitler Wanted Autobahnen Here**
- **Danger of Giving Civilians Guns**
- **U.S. Diary of a Bewildered Patriot**
- **How to Help Your Pal in an Air Raid**

Don't Do It Again

We know it is laid down that "barrack damage not traceable against individuals will be a general charge to be shared by the troops."

Yet a "John Bull" man remembers how, after his commanding officer had ordered him to pay for a burnt-out lorry at 3s. a week, he was released from his obligation after two payments, told never to burn out a lorry again!

May that unfortunate battery soon get the same good news!

Here's an Answer

This particular staff man fired a 13-pounder quick-firer for three years in the last War. Feeling it his duty to fire again, he saw a Brass Hat at the War Office.

Said the Brass Hat: "What soldiers did in the last War doesn't matter."

That is the answer to hundreds of ex-Servicemen who have written to us saying, "I am a trained soldier. Why do they turn me down?"

Non-Fighting Officers

The next statement of the Brass Hat in question explains why our streets are full of non-fighting officers.

"All that interests us," he continued, "is what you have done in the last few years. If you have handled big sums of money there might be a commission for you in the Pay Corps."

The man didn't want to handle big sums of money. And he wasn't trying to wangle a commission.

Having told readers of JOHN BULL how to do their duty, he was trying to do his own duty.

But it's not so easy.

His Great Chance

Freyberg, V.C., one of the five greatest soldiers of this generation, tackled Winston Churchill in the street when a civilian in 1914 and pleaded for a chance to serve.

Winston gave him that chance.

It was a great moment for the Empire.

It's a pity a million would-be Freybergs can't meet Winston in the street.

Broomstick Troops

JOHN BULL first suggested that men should be drilled with broomsticks if proper military equipment was not available. Other papers followed.

Officialdom at first took the view: We want an army, not a rabble.

Well, the Boers were called a rabble once.

We never had a tougher foe.

And we're proud to have them with us.

Do This for Your Pets

Don't think that killing your dog or cat friend is the only solution of what to do with him in war time.

As he can't go into a public air raid shelter, never take him far away from home.

If distressed, give him 5-grain bromide tablets, one for cats and the smallest dogs, two for terrier-size dogs, ranging up to four for Alsatians.

Even if gas is used, there's no need to have him destroyed.

His Air Raid Shelter

Placed in a sugar-box or similar one, completely wrapped round with a blanket or other thick material soaked in a weak solution of hypo-chlorite, half-an-ounce to the gallon of water, your dog will survive gas attack.

If he is injured, seek the National A.R.P. for Animals Committee, approved by the Government.

P.D.S.A., Dumb Friends' League, National Canine Defence League, R.S.P.C.A., or a local veterinary surgeon will put you in touch.

Humans must come first, naturally—but give a pal a chance.

Don't You Dare!

Just a small increase in the price of milk, but there is free milk for the neediest and cheaper milk for every youngster between weaning age and five.

Increased prices may be annoying, but anybody who dares to grumble about this particular one deserves to be drowned in milk.

Is There a War On?

Diary of a Briton in the United States who Wanted to Help Britain:

Glassy-eyed girl at British Consulate said they were hearing nothing about the war.

Offered myself to callow youth at British War Relief Office who wouldn't even take my name.

Interruption from simpering girl clerk: "Don't know what anybody can do except knitting."

Went to another British Government office (3.45 p.m. Friday) and found it closed for the day.

Decided that if America was slow in helping, certain other people were inexcusably slower.

Civilisation—1940

Market Harborough (Leicestershire) Council has devoted the best part of its monthly meeting to choosing new chairs for councillors, ordering £61 5s. worth of new Council Chamber tables, discussing alterations to electric light.

All that in the most fateful month in the history of the British Empire.

Prayers in Mosques

"And now we are alone," said many people when France was crushed.

But the vast Moslem world has quite clearly shown its sympathy with our cause.

Moslems have been pouring in offers of money or personal help.

In all the mosques special prayers have been said for a Britain victorious.

More Than Her Share

India is more than doing her share.

She is supplying from her own arsenals most of the shells and small arms needed by us in that part of the world. She has the biggest steel works in the world, remember.

And supplies most of her own raw materials.

Almost without exception the Indians who differ from us politically are praying that we shall win.

The Only Test

Hundreds of munition workers have written thanking us for exposing over-supervision in war factories.

Most of them speak of inspectors filling up forms of wearying length to describe faults that couldn't possibly make any difference, of bin-loads of rejected parts that need never have been scrapped at all.

A whole batch of officials wasted time over a scratch accidentally made on an aeroplane exhaust pipe by a workman's boot!

Let us have one test only in war time of machines as well as men:

DO THEY DO THE JOB?

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR By THE EDITOR

YOUR Front-Line Job

NOW that the Battle of Britain has started, let us remember that Britain's cause is sacred still in all the lands that Germany has conquered.

We may have to fight alone for some time, yet we are not friendless.

Although glutted with conquest, Germany has millions of enemies to control.

All of them are seething with hatred. Only force can hold them in subjection. To maintain that force Hitler needs man-power and money and the machinery of war.

Napoleon was beaten eventually as much by his conquered peoples as by the dauntless British spirit which fed the fires of their smouldering opposition.

THAT IS BRITAIN'S JOB TO-DAY. WE MUST KEEP ON FIGHTING HITLER TO WEAR HIM DOWN AND TO MAINTAIN THE COURAGE OF ALL FRIENDS WHO ARE NO LONGER ABLE TO BATTLE AGAINST HIM.

When the Premier said in Parliament last week that we have "good and reasonable hopes of final victory," he was making a deliberately cautious statement.

JOHN BULL tells you that we are certain of final victory—because we shall never give in; because Britons, "never, never, **NEVER** will be slaves"!

Furthermore, it is our considered opinion that Germany even now has to face graver dangers than we must face ourselves.

She has not a friend in the world—not even Italy, the jackal at her heels!

Hatred of Nazi tyranny grows day by day throughout the New World, and fear and distrust of Germany's intentions is moving the might of Russia to ominous precautions against her.

Above all, Hitler and his chieftains know that the winter will bring famine in its train (see page 9). They know that Britain still controls the seas.

In other pages of this issue JOHN BULL men review the present military and economic situation, examine the mighty resources of the Empire with all the material help that the United States has promised.

HERE WE ASK YOU TO STUDY THE UNWRITTEN BALANCE-SHEET OF MAN'S MIND; TO WEIGH THE IMPONDERABLE ASSET OF HIS WILL TO FREEDOM; TO SURVEY THAT COUNTRY OF THE SOUL WHICH NO DICTATOR HAS EVER MAPPED.

BRITAIN HAS AN IMMENSE TASK AHEAD, DIRE SACRIFICES TO ENDURE AND FEARFUL RISKS TO RUN, BUT DON'T IMAGINE FOR A MOMENT THAT THE NAZIS ARE "SITTING PRETTY."

THEY WILL HAVE TO FACE CONTINUAL AND INCESSANT PERIL.

France alone has a population of forty-two millions and an area of more than 200,000 square miles. No dictated peace can "pacify" the men and women of a great country that has known liberty for centuries.

There are fires burning in the hearts of free men and free women that can *never* be quenched by invasion or extinguished by persecution.

The French will always be a source of danger to the enemy even while they are in chains, and the same thing is true of every other free people temporarily enslaved.

Take them in the order of their subjugation—Czechoslovakia, with 20,000,000 inhabitants; Poland, with 32,000,000; Norway, with nearly 3,000,000; Denmark, with 3,500,000; and Holland and Belgium, with some 8,000,000 each.

That means nearly 140,000,000 people living only for the overthrow of the Third Reich.

Even in Austria and Germany there are fires of rebellion still smouldering with a fierce, hidden heat.

And the Nazi régime is less able to endure a long war than Britain.

Let us face the future in this spirit of dauntless confidence. Let us realise that our individual lives and families and homes and possessions count as nothing in comparison with the cause of Freedom itself.

With sober courage, let us each resolve to play his or her individual part in discipline and with common-sense.

It is only natural that every man should want to handle a rifle, but he must remember that this is not a war for amateurs. Until he is called to the services, his front-line job is to do as he is told and make himself fit for soldiering

DISCIPLINE IS NOW A WORD THAT NEEDS TO BE EXPLAINED AND THOROUGHLY UNDERSTOOD.

"JOHN BULL" TAKES IT TO MEAN THAT ALL OF US MUST GIVE UNQUESTIONING OBEDIENCE TO THE GOVERNMENT IN OFFICE.

There are members of the present Government whom JOHN BULL has criticised in the past; men whom we still cannot acquit of partial responsibility for our present terrible emergency.

Yet we are content for the time being to support the Government as a whole and to leave these men to do their utmost in their new posts or to make room for better men in their stead if their conscience troubles them.

WE have complete confidence in Mr. Churchill and his principal colleagues.

We believe that they will not tolerate inefficiency for a single moment.

We have given them plenary powers.

We have placed our lives and all our resources at their disposal.

We await their commands.

But we want commands. We want no more entreaties or pleading. We will not be satisfied with advice. We *demand* leadership.

JOHN BULL would like to assure the Premier (if any such assurance be still necessary) that the people of this country are ready to accept any decrees, however drastic; any taxation, however heavy, and any compulsion, however general and harsh, that he may deem necessary.

We beg the Government to hasten our opportunities for service.

Enthusiasts have let their enthusiasm run a little away with them. Some of them have been asking the impossible. In their zeal they have suggested that even our womenfolk should be provided with hand grenades and that every man should have his rifle.

The common-sense view stops short of such extremes.

To begin with, there are not enough grenades and rifles to go round and such weapons of war are useless in the hands of untrained amateurs.

The crying need of this country to-day is armament of all kinds.

All our available man-power must be converted into this channel.

BUT "available" power means power that is now running to waste. Britain's export trade is no less vital than her production of munitions.

Soldiers, sailors and airmen are needed in ever-increasing numbers, but fighting men must be equipped for fighting.

The Government is calling up fresh effectives as fast as these effectives *can* be equipped, and JOHN BULL urges those of our readers who are still waiting their own call to have patience.

But we don't mean idle patience. We say that every good citizen ought to train for service.

Far from ridiculing "the broomstick brigades," we admire the grand spirit that has called them into being.

Organised training, hard marching and stiff exercise must make men fit, and it must make them into better material for real "soldiering" when the time comes for it.

But they will neither help the country nor themselves by neglecting their normal occupations until that day arrives.

Everybody now working in any occupation that the Government still permits ought first of all to do his or her own job with good will and energy—even though it may seem to be unimportant and outside the purposes of war.

We also assert that everybody without exception should find out at once whether the local authorities can use his or her spare time for any form of national service.

The best citizens will not try to pick the jobs they would prefer to do; they will try instead to do those jobs that most need to be done in their own localities.

Apart from that, all of us now have one simple and urgent duty to fulfil: to acquaint ourselves with every precaution that ought to be taken in our own homes; to take those precautions without delay; and to abide events with stout hearts and steady minds.

We are the torch-bearers of Freedom's quenchless fires.

We are the front-line troops of the world's civilisation.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Plan Emergency Actions

TOO many people are allowing their imaginations to run riot, anticipating all sorts of improbable things. They're bringing trouble to stay with them before it's even looked in their direction.

You don't need to do that.

When troubles and difficulties appear you have to do something about them, but don't waste your time seeking them out.

Go on living. You will need all the time and temper, the energy and the wisdom you have. You haven't any to spare in foolishness.

Other people turn their backs on trouble. They stare hard in the other direction and blandly announce they don't see anything.

That's all right up to a point, but it's inviting a severe kick in the pants!

People who do that are really trying to dodge all responsibility.

They're hoping that someone else will take the burdens from their shoulders.

The only sensible way to behave when there's trouble around is to make a plan for meeting it.

You may never put the plan into operation, but at least you can't be caught unawares.

By the time you have made your plan you'll also have seen the difficulties in some sense of proportion. You will be in a much better state of mind to deal with them if they do come.

But a plan implies action.

To make a plan is to prepare to do something.

That is why planning is a good mental tonic.

It's inaction that kills.

Make plans now. It's only sense.

PRODUCING the Goods!

In a revealing statement of Britain's zooming output of warplanes, Lord Beaverbrook, Minister of Aircraft Production, thanked the workers in aircraft factories and engine shops "who have striven by night and day without time off for recreation, without any regard for the pleasures and amenities of life."

"Their conduct is beyond praise," said Lord Beaverbrook. "We can place our future in their keeping with confidence." And in this article you meet these heroes of the Home Front.

TO further the eager competition among Britain's aircraft factory workers, the Ministry of Aircraft Production is issuing news bills, placarding the triumph of famous machines.

Workers in the factories treasure newspaper cuttings. The walls of the canteens were plastered with headlines declaiming the victories of the aircraft they produce

In the assembly shops of Boulton and Paul, prominent among Britain's most important aircraft producers, workers will pull out a handful of clippings describing the performance of the Defiant turret fighters they turn out.

Every one of them will show you a newspaper version of the fight in which thirty-seven Messerschmitts were destroyed by a squadron of Defiants without a single loss.

Hurricane, Blenheim, Battle, Hampden, Wellington, Spitfire, Whitley, Roc, Skua, Anson, Sunderland, Lysander workers are equally as jealous.

Their pocket-books are bulky with clippings about Hurricane victories, and details of fights in which these already famous quality fighter-aircraft have proved Britain's superiority in the air.

These aircraft factory workers not only produce their famous machines, but also they bombard Lord Beaverbrook, Minister for Aircraft Production, with letters suggesting how various methods of production can be still further accelerated.

This unbounded enthusiasm will play a terrific part in winning the war.

Working seven days a week, fourteen hours a day, they live for their aircraft, and they are having the time of their lives.

VISIT any aircraft factory in the British Isles and you will see happy, smiling faces.

What is more, they know that they are working to a rhythm that is keeping aircraft-producing factories throughout the Empire humming in tune.

They are on an "assembly line" that stretches round the world.

They know that vast aircraft production schemes are now coming to fruition in every part of the Empire and aircraft are being delivered to the Mother Country, just as the Empire flying schools are producing the pilots and air crews who will man the ever-increasing volume of the nation's air force.

There is every reason for them to sing "There will always be an England" above the thunder of the presses.

Britain's aircraft workers are proud of their jobs.

Day by day, week by week, output is increasing.

The aim is to get the maximum output from the aircraft industry in the shortest possible time, and not a grumble comes from hundreds of thousands of workers as the pressure of labour steadily increases.

Sacrifices that would have seemed incredible two months ago are made every day without complaint.

A few days ago an aircraft tool designer worked at his bench for thirty-six hours without a break to solve an urgent production problem.

Lancashire mill workers, men and women, hurried from local cinemas on their only free day to return to the factory to complete a process urgently required to enable an aircraft factory to carry on.

Time and time again workmen in aircraft shops have refused to knock off at the stipulated hour.

They went on to complete work on a batch of parts needed to supplement the continuous outflow of finished components.

BETWEEN the men who fly British machines and the workmen who make them there is complete agreement about one thing.

No product of Goering's can match the products of Britain's factories.

When a pilot reports that he dived from 11,000 to 2,000 feet to shoot down a Nazi bomber, it gives every British artisan a thrill.

Think of the stress on every part of that aircraft in that tremendous dive, and you will understand why British aircraft workers, from riggers to engine makers, from designers to assembly workers, from engine testers to tinsmiths, from screw makers to varnish mixers, are proud of their work.

It's thumbs up for them even though the only time they see a completed aeroplane is when it flies over their homes.

The loss of the French aircraft output does not worry the men at the humming lathes of Britain's aircraft industry.

Factories were already adapted to the possibility of Britain's standing alone if need be. That was a part of the legacy of Sir Kingsley Wood, former Air Minister.

Loss of French aircraft production means that complete mastery in the air will be delayed, but achieving that mastery is still the main aim of Britain's air policy. It will be achieved.

NAZIS can never deal a knock-out blow at Britain's aircraft factories.

They have been built with an eye to attempted raids, and not only are there duplicate and triplicate factories for certain aircraft components, but also each factory, under the direction of Admiral Sir Edward Evans (Evans of the *Broke*), is protected as a vital cog in Britain's war effort.

Admiral Evans, also in charge of the defence of aerodromes attached to aircraft factories, never wastes time.

No sacrifice in quality will be tolerated.

Many of our fighters are now performing manœuvres that were actually forbidden in peace times.

Standards of production are now higher than ever before.

With so many factories making components that must fit in with each other when the aircraft is assembled, accuracy to one five-thousandth of an inch is essential.

To workers in various industries connected with aircraft who still feel that they are not being given the opportunity to do their utmost, Lord Beaverbrook advises "patience." Their time will come.

HARDLY an industry exists that is not connected in some way with aircraft production.

Glassware, leather, cotton, timber, electrical and rubber trades are but a few of the industries concerned, and it is natural that supplies of upholstery for seats should sometimes outrun supplies of aircraft ready for assembly.

The impatient may rest assured that within the next few weeks they will be working harder than ever when aircraft industries become co-ordinated to maximum effort.

Many of the men directing Britain's air effort have a secret sorrow. They made their names as pioneers in designing aircraft for peaceful purposes.

Conquest of the air has been their life's work. Yet faced with the Nazi challenge these pioneers have placed their brains unhesitatingly at the service of Britain's war effort.

They know that the triumph of Nazism would mean domination, not conquest, of the air.

Not one of them questions the inspiring leadership of Lord Beaverbrook. "The Beaver," as he is known, has a peculiar knack of setting his mind to a job in a workmanlike manner and carrying it through regardless of opposition.

Such a man is respected by streamlined, air-minded brains.

Such a man was badly needed to co-ordinate the varied interests in the British aircraft industries.

Medium bombers on the assembly line of one of Britain's great aircraft factories move rapidly towards completion and the day when an eager pilot can climb grimly into the cabin, determined to carve another hole in the Nazi defences

He sits at his desk in one of London's largest administrative buildings from morning till late at night dictating letters, receiving "ideas men," and giving vital instructions.

Always an advocate of Empire co-operation, "Beaver" intends to prove that the Empire can be equalled by no country in the world as an aircraft producing unit.

With hundreds of thousands of eager workers, directly and indirectly engaged in aircraft production, supporting him, you may be assured "British mastery of the air" is not mere theory but something that will be translated into fact.

WITH Ford factories in Detroit producing Rolls-Royce engines, British Empire and United States craftsmen working with the "throttle open" to keep production figures zooming, the pride of the Nazi *Luftwaffe* doesn't stand a chance.

Every aircraft worker in the Old World and the New has responded to the call to "work like Hell."

In their ears still ring the words of Ernest Bevin when he thundered over the radio:

"Machine tools and instruments of production are now more valuable than gold . . . I want another Sixth Column in Britain, a National Service Column resolved to win and to win quickly. . . . It will deal drastically with anybody who seeks to hinder us in our crusade."

There was no need for them to be reminded by Mr. Herbert Morrison's gruff eloquence that "if we waste a minute at our desk or bench we waste a life."

You have only to be told that many factory workers actually forget to light their cigarettes during that precious ten minutes in the evening when smoking is allowed in some shops. They are far too busy to smoke!

OPEN LETTERS

Jubilee Gift for Trade Unionist No. 1

*

Soldiers 'Robbed' when Buying Train Meals

*

Rogues who Sell Faked A.R.P. Devices

They are Still Making Iron Railings

*

Sheik Joy-Rides After Helping Pilot

*

Alf Lea Hailed as Best War Worker

Sir JOHN ANDERSON,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR,—I hear of door-to-door canvassers offering shoddy canisters filled with unknown chemicals for extinguishing incendiary bombs, of circulars describing A.R.P. devices described as far superior to those officially recommended.

As to their merits, I know nothing.

But I hope your experts are finding out.

Nobody should be allowed to make one single claim regarding the efficiency of such articles that cannot be fully substantiated.

Nothing of the kind should be allowed to be sold unless it does the job excellently.—JOHN BULL.

GENERAL MANAGERS,
The Railway Companies

DEAR SIRS,—Judging from complaints I receive about restaurant-car charges you don't seem to realise that a soldier gets 2s. a day.

For two small grapefruit drinks scarcely big enough to appease their thirst, two battle-stained men just back from France were charged 2s. 3d.

Penniless, they had been given 2s. 6d. by a civilian "to buy a meal."

Train stewards employed by all four railway groups, ashamed to take the money, often pay soldiers' bills themselves.

It is a pity the companies won't show something of the same sacrifice.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. W. J. C. SCARLIN,
Rector of Holcombe, Lancs.

DEAR SIR,—Summoned for showing a light during the black-out, you informed the magistrates that if the Bench didn't take note of certain circumstances you would withdraw your offer of the use of your rectory as a public air-raid shelter.

On the same day Mrs. Leila Cory-Wright, of Hatfield Park, Takeley, Herts, told by a Bishop's Stortford policeman that she would be reported for causing 50-minutes traffic obstruction with her car, replied, "I hope the bombs will drop on Bishop's Stortford."

I don't suppose either of you meant what you said. But try to remember that if ever there was a time when we should be kind to each other, it is to-day. JOHN BULL.

Dame HELEN GWYNNE-VAUGHAN,
Controller, A.T.S.

DEAR MADAM,—Some commandants of the A.T.S. are telling rank-and-file girls that they mustn't go out with commissioned officers, whether they are engaged to them or not?

This is not in accordance with the regulations of your service—and is, therefore, against your own wishes. What is more, it is opposed to commonsense.

So will you just remind the blunderheads concerned?—JOHN BULL.

THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE

The final Application Form for the £7 7s. 0d. Canteen of Cutlery containing 84 pieces which "JOHN BULL" is offering to its readers on privilege terms appears in the announcement on page 22.

This is your last chance.

Mr. WILLIAM HOLMES,
Chairman, T.U.C.

DEAR SIR,—Just fifty years ago a young farm-labourer—plain "Bill" to everybody—drew his first thin wage-packet, paid his first trade union subscription out of it. A pound a week was an unrealisable ambition to any farm-worker in those days. Employers were apt to sack trade unionists as mere mischief-makers.

Why pay hard-earned pennies to make your job more unsafe? Well, you did it. Soon you had convinced your friends to do the same.

How often have you heard that word flung at trade unionism in the years that have elapsed? The General Strike was treason, some of them said. I have heard even your efforts to get a living wage for farm-workers described as anti-British.

They will never be able to talk such nonsense again.

To-day, you—ex-labourer—are Britain's Trade Unionist No. 1. Those "anti-British" trade unions that are pouring their money into the hands of the Treasury are insisting that it is loaned free of interest. That naughty Bolshevik National Union of General and Municipal Workers has handed over £250,000 on such terms. Of 1,005 trade union leaders, 1,001 have said to Mr. Bevin: "We place ourselves in your hands. In the national interests, do with us what you will."

Six million trade unionists, sons and grandsons of the men who fought long and bitterly to give workers a voice in their own welfare, have abandoned their dearly bought rights for the period of the war.

All they ask is that no rapacious employer will be permitted to profit. You, I know, will help to see to that. Fifty years as a fighting trade unionist. Your jubilee gift? A 48s. a week minimum wage for farm-labourers. I know that will make you happy.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. HON. R. S. HUDSON,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—I hear of landlords and house-agents who, approached by people wanting to grow food in the small back-gardens of empty houses, have asked such rents as two shillings a week.

You are empowered to act quickly in these days of emergency legislation.

Give local authorities the right to insist that unused gardens shall be requisitioned for the national effort.

And at allotment rents.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALFRED PATRICK LEA,
Ormskirk

DEAR SIR,—"If you want to know Britain's best war worker," write two readers, "it's Alf Lea."

They tell me you work twelve hours a day seven days a week on war-work, dig for victory, write letters for the disabled, act as secretary both of the British Legion and the local band, do special constable duties, rarely miss a meeting as a local councillor, and that you are always at the service of an ex-Serviceman, night or day.

And an empty sleeve tells of your service in the last war.

No need to tell you to "Go To It."—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ANTHONY EDEN,
Minister for War

DEAR SIR,—The country wants soldiers. I suggest you look for some in the officers' messes of the country.

I hear of two hundred first-class artillerymen who are polishing floors and walls, scrubbing kitchens and cleaning silver of a seaside hotel taken over for officers. Yet every officer has a batman.

Some of the men had ambitions of becoming officers themselves. But as it is quite natural for an officer to choose a sound, intelligent man as servant and then to keep him when he has got him, their chances are small.

These are days calling for stern effort from everybody. Not a single man who is fit to fight and wants to fight should be compelled to spend the war months cleaning boots and washing dishes.—JOHN BULL.

Sir PHILIP GAME,
Commissioner, Metropolitan Police

DEAR SIR PHILIP,—Callers at JOHN BULL'S offices—as at other newspaper offices—seek to convince us that London has become a sink of iniquity. Britain a modern Babylon.

It doesn't take us long to find out that they are temperance fanatics, trying to use the war to get the total prohibition for which they have fought for years.

So thank you for the report showing so clearly that London is really quite a well-behaved city in war time.

The same is true of Britain as a whole, and people seeking to prove the reverse are really doing Goebbels a good turn, whether they know it or not.—JOHN BULL.

INTELLIGENCE DEPT.,
War Office

SIRS,—As recently as a fortnight ago it was possible to buy at bookshops in the heart of London a weekly propaganda newspaper printed in German. A new issue, I am told, is expected any day.

Remembering that the Nazi intelligence service gave its instructions to Fifth Columnists in Holland and Belgium by means of false articles and advertisements published in German periodicals circulated in those countries, I am wondering what you are doing about it.—JOHN BULL.

THE STEEL CONTROLLER,
Ministry of Supply

DEAR SIR,—Is this Britain—or the Land of Nod?

Men who have been making iron railings at a big British engineering works rubbed their hands gleefully when they found out we were going to scrap railings in national interests.

"Now we can start to do a job for the old country," they said.

They're still making iron railings!—JOHN BULL.

Sheik ALI CASIM ALGHAZALEH,
Aden

DEAR SIR,—I am grateful for the courtesy you showed a Royal Air Force pilot when he made a forced landing in the desert after a raid on Italian East Africa.

He was found by you on your way by camel to Aden and the manner in which you entertained him, gave him every possible comfort and sent off a messenger post haste to Aden has earned our gratitude. I am glad that in turn he was able to offer you hospitality when an aeroplane came for him, and I hope that you enjoyed your stay as the guest of the Royal Air Force in Aden.—JOHN BULL.

There is a Great To-Morrow

THERE is a Great To-morrow to which we're moving fast, when all the World will lift its voice and declare itself at last, determined to be rid of Force yoked on its People's Lands Time holds that Great To-morrow in its Bright, Assuring Hands.

THERE is a Great To-morrow when Right once more will reign, when the Ghastly March of Force will be hurled on Defeat's Terrain. When Treachery and Barbarous Creeds will fall like Death-spun Dust, then will that Great To-morrow Shine as all men know it must.

THERE is a Great To-morrow beyond these cruel Betrayals, where Justice will be satisfied, and in her Avenging Scales will weigh the Good against the Bad and all Heaven will Preside. Be watchful for the Hour on which will Break God's Turning Tide.

THERE is a Great To-morrow and it's coming to us all, though Life may reek with Tragedy, but behind this Hellish Wall of Suffering and Anguish there shines a Healing Peace, Peace for the Nations who have fought so FAITH SHOULD NEVER CEASE.

THERE is a Great To-morrow, so don't lose heart, my friends, the grandest things of all are found just round Life's Darkest Bends. This Evil Hour will run its course, and our broken hearts and fears will all be gone for GOD HIMSELF WILL WIPE AWAY ALL TEARS

J. M.

"YES, we have a NAVY"

Sea power, by which Britain maintains her command of the sea, is more important to the Empire now than at any other time in the last 125 years. With Western Europe overrun with Nazi motorised columns, the sea is again Britain's last line of defence—the moat of our island fortress.

"After all, we have a Navy," said Mr. Winston Churchill, and the sweet irony of his words must have tasted bitter to the Nazis. "Some people seem to forget," he added, "and we must remind them." Well, here are some facts for the forgetful.

At no other time in her fine maritime history has Britain's control of the sea been so powerful; she has swept the ocean of enemy craft, guards the highways of trade with traditional thoroughness

By COMMANDER H. PURSEY, R.N.
("John Bull" Naval Correspondent)

FROM the hour that Mr. Neville Chamberlain told the world that Britain was at war with Nazi Germany the British Fleet has been in action. With that consummate thoroughness for which it is famed, the Navy has rid the seas of enemy craft.

It has sustained many losses—the fortunes of war; it has achieved many inspiring successes—the fruits of its efficiency.

And its position now that it has been asked to undertake responsibility for preventing sea-borne invaders from making a landing is marvellously strong.

Britain now not only possesses the largest battle fleet in the world, but also the largest mercantile marine.

It must be remembered that the sea is something more than our main defence; it is also our main sphere of offence. It is the great highway where, under the protection of the Fleet, the mercantile marine continues to sail on its lawful occasions. Meantime, British ships have been augmented by Norwegian mercantile marine, and the merchant ships and warships of other nations trampled underfoot by the Nazi aggressors.

The strength of the British fleet when war was declared, the losses incurred, and the new construction in hand a year ago is as follows:—

	Commissioned.	Lost.	New Construction.	Total.
Capital ships ..	15	1	9	23
Aircraft carriers	7	2	6	11
Cruisers ..	62	3	25	84
Destroyers ..	185	22	64	227
Submarines ..	58	8	4	54
Total ..	327	36	108	399

OUR vast rearmament programme, in hand for more than four years, has enabled many ships, from cruisers downwards, to join the Fleet in the last few months.

Five "King George V" battleships, now in an advanced stage of construction, are to join the fleet soon. Details of the large programmes on which naval "yards" are now working must, of course, remain secret. Yet it can be revealed that nearly a million tons of warships are being constructed in Britain. Still more warships are being built in the Dominions.

The Navy has been strengthened by more than fifty armed merchant cruisers (three have been lost), and more than 1,500 auxiliary craft, of which fifty-eight have been lost.

At the outbreak of war the British Fleet was at its war stations, distributed over the Seven Seas. Immediately it began to secure command of the sea.

Nazi ships captured at sea had their useful cargoes confiscated. Other vessels scuttled themselves at the sight of British warships.

Nazi cargoes found in neutral ships were confiscated, subject to prize court decision.

Enemy ships were swept from the seas.

As a reprisal for sowing magnetic "murder" mines to the danger of all nations, neutrals and belligerent alike, the Fleet stopped all German exports, causing a big loss to Germany's much-needed foreign exchange.

Meantime, the Navy employed the convoy system and other protective measures to safeguard supplies for Britain.

Troops from Canada, from Australia and from New Zealand were convoyed to their battle stations without loss.

At no other time in Britain's long maritime history was her control of the sea so powerful.

From the first Hitler realised that, unless he could crush Britain's sea power, his crazy Nazi edifice would crash to the ground.

Nazis tried every conceivable means to cripple the Fleet.

They intended to cut off supplies during the winter, and so bring us to our knees before they began their vast military attack on France.

They planned to attack overseas shipping with ocean raiders. Submarines and aircraft were to sink all shipping around the British coast.

These plans were defeated by the Navy.

The Nazis then turned in despair to minelaying. The Navy then defeated this menace.

Consider the fate of two of the three so-called "pocket" battleships—actually only "freak" armoured cruisers—that slipped into the vast spaces of the Atlantic.

After some weeks, the *Deutschland* sank the British *Stonegate* and the Norwegian ship *Hansen*, and captured the United States steamer *City of Flint*, afterwards released by Norwegian authorities.

She sank Britain's armed merchant cruiser *Rawalpindi*, but ran away from British cruisers.

The second raider, *Graf Spee*, was able to sink only nine ships in fourteen weeks in the South Atlantic, and was then discovered by three of our cruisers.

Its fate still lingers in every Nazi naval man's memory.

No more raiders have ventured out in the last six months—a significant indication that Nazi faith in this type of ship has failed.

The submarine menace has been mastered by our secret detection apparatus, the groping Asdics and the deadly depth-charge.

U-boat losses have averaged about two to four a week, according to the number at sea. They have been sunk at double the rate of the best period in the last war.

Now the mercantile marine is much increased, and our overseas supplies are assured.

DESPITE all this, the "let's all be gloomy" brigade discuss the question of Nazi attacks on our warships by aircraft, submarines and motor boats with the intention of "smashing" a way through the Fleet to invade Britain.

Air raids on ships free to manœuvre at sea or lying in well-defended bases have caused counter-attacks in which the power-diving *Stuka*, Nazi name for *Sturzkampfflugzeug* (dive fighter), the pride of the Luftwaffe, has received a withering reception.

Submarines, the most vulnerable craft afloat, cannot withstand sustained attacks from surface ships, and can rarely operate with other vessels.

When the war began the Nazi Navy contained two battle cruisers, three armoured cruisers, eight cruisers, thirty-four destroyers, and seventy-one submarines. These 118 vessels were only one-third of the British Navy.

Since then Hitler has lost half his fleet—largely during the Norwegian campaign—and some of his most important units. Only two heavy ships remain—and they are much inferior to ours. Despite new construction, Germany is no longer a sea power.

ALTHOUGH Hitler now has control of the naval ports of the countries he has invaded, there is little use he can make of them.

The ports have been heavily damaged, the Germans cannot get ships of any size to them because they are likely to be bombarded by British aircraft or patrol ships on the way, and even if they did reach port they would be bombed.

Small craft may run the gauntlet, but they will be sunk by aircraft, just as British bombers destroyed the Nazi motor boat that appeared off Boulogne.

The Italian Fleet, now thrown into the cauldron of war against us, consists of six battleships (four are obsolete, and the other two are still so new they are having "teething troubles"), twenty-one cruisers, sixty-seven destroyers, and a hundred and fifteen submarines.

Mussolini has put great faith in his submarines. They may inflict losses on British ships, but there is no reason to presume that they will be less susceptible to our attacks than were the U-boats.

This is obvious when we remember that four Italian submarines were destroyed in a week.

As the Prime Minister said: "We shall be glad to offer Mussolini a free, safeguarded passage through the Straits of Gibraltar. . . . There is great curiosity in the British Fleet to find out whether the Italians are up to the level they were in the last war, or whether they have fallen off at all."

And his sarcasm was greeted with the laughter it deserved.

With Italy's entry into the war, the main loophole of the "blockade" was sealed.

No matter what further military successes Hitler and Mussolini may achieve on the Continent, they can do nothing to break the iron ring of British ships around Europe.

Starved themselves of vital raw materials for war products, they must realise that the British Navy is keeping open the trade routes whereby Britain receives not only essentials for fighting, but also food.

The Navy's good record of real achievement reminds us that what Bonar Law said on the day after the Armistice of 1918 still holds good.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE MILITARY COLOSSUS WAS DUE TO THE BLOCKADE WHICH HAS SAPPED THE WHOLE FOUNDATION OF GERMANY.

What prophetic words!

HARD FACTS SPEAK

Always a stern critic of those people who claimed that Germany could be beaten only by being starved into submission, JOHN BULL has never failed to emphasise the importance of the "blockade" as a vital weapon in Britain's armoury.

This view remained unchanged even when Nazi aggression gave Hitler the whole of Europe's western seaboard. It was obvious that the "blockade" could still do much to break Germany by making her crack from within.

Mr. Winston Churchill showed that he was of the same frame of mind when he said that Germany's present position in no way diminished, "but, on the contrary, definitely increased the power of our long-distance blockade."

Holding the belief that Germany cannot withstand a winter of famine, JOHN BULL gives further evidence of misery, privation and starvation Inside Germany.

These Silesian peasants, waiting in line for their food ration cards, complain that they must now endure privations that were not visited on them until the last war was three years old. Even after waiting for hours, many housewives must go away with empty baskets

THE sword has for seven years been carving the heart out of the German people; for seven years they have been ground down to one level of deprivation in the name of revenge; for seven years they have been led to believe that a short, sharp war would bring not only victory but also all those things that were once essential to their civilised lives.

Hitler's armoured columns have now spent months crashing east and west, north and south, leaving in their wake untold numbers of German dead, yet the Fuehrer, military strategist though he may be, cannot do more than talk of his conquests.

As far as his people are concerned, the triumphs of the moustached Napoleon are bitter fruit.

With his country facing famine, he has managed only to add in the coming winter to the hungry mouths within the confines of Greater Germany.

Even though the food front organisation of the Nazi party has been working frantically for seven years, Germans produce only 80 per cent. of their own food. Every day of war reduces this percentage.

All very well for the German Government to announce the day before Poland was invaded that it had 8,600,000 tons of grain stored in every corner of the country, in gymnasia, in chapels, in drill halls and in sheds.

More important is that the annual consumption exceeds 25,000,000 tons.

This is emphasised by Henry Albert Phillips, veteran American traveller, when he points out that Nature dealt the Reich a terrific blow with the worst winter in a decade. Excessive frost spoiled enormous reserves of vegetables.

"Canned goods, reserved for an emergency, have already been allotted to the army," he adds.

"Argentina used to be the Reich's major source of wheat. Now Germany must depend on the Balkans, the bulk of whose wheatfields remain unploughed. Only a miracle can save the Third Reich from a repetition of the starvation of 1918."

Experienced travellers, making their way across Europe, can see no fertile larder to which Hitler can turn.

Vast Continental wheatfields, where the wheat should now be shimmering like gold in the sun, are barren of crops. Millions of acres of grain have been ploughed under by the merciless caterpillar tracks of giant tanks. The land is pitted with bomb and shell craters. There are trenches zigzagging across the face of the Continent.

Millions of men who should be busy on their farms are pinioned in arms.

NEUTRAL countries, not yet scorched by the breath of war, are deep in trouble.

Able-bodied men have been kept loafing in uniform, while the peasants who were left behind on the land have deserted their smallholdings, eager to seek the uncertain sanctuary of the city, convinced that if they were to sow and reap they would be working only for an invader.

WITH a million and a half men under arms, Holland and Belgium were looking about hopelessly for ways to keep from actual want before they were invaded.

Crops were destroyed when the Low Countries were flooded in an effort to stem the rush of invading Nazis.

"Instead of receiving extensive food supplies from Holland and Belgium, the Germans have had to send food themselves," said another American expert.

"The Nazis don't dare to permit the populations to starve, as otherwise they might have done, because of the outbreaks of disease.

"Any outbreak might prove as dangerous to the German Army of Occupation as to the natives themselves."

Hitler must admit that his invasions have been disappointing.

Half of Denmark's 3,000,000 hogs which were sent to Germany have already been killed, while 20 per cent. of the cattle commandeered in Scandinavia have had to be slaughtered for German consumption.

Burdened by ravaged outposts of his new "empire," Hitler can find no relief from this misery even by turning his eyes to his own people, where even the most gullible are realising that their hopes of an early peace are fading.

These people have become accustomed to the spectre of hunger that haunts their lives. During the last few months their morale has been tested still further. British bombers, scattering military objectives to the winds with their high-explosive bombs, have left an indelible impression on their minds and bodies. Oppressed, weakened by privation, left in doubt as to the fate of hundreds of thousands of their fighting men, angered by the prosperity of their Nazi overlords, they face the future with despair, unmoved even by the so-called triumphs of the Nazi columns.

MELVIN K. WHITELEATHER, American newspaperman, who has spent the last ten years in Germany, believes that Germany doesn't stand a chance of winning the war as long as the British bring to bear "even a minimum of the astuteness of which they are capable."

"Hitler has a crack army, an army that would have made the wily Frederick the Great, founder of Prussian might, swell with justified pride," he says. "But behind that army there is nothing but a shell that will collapse like a house of cards when it is properly attacked.

"If the Nazis are forced to keep using what gasoline and ores they have, they cannot hold out for long."

He describes the misery of housewives who must spend hours in food queues, then take what they are given. After hours of standing in the market, a housewife may be told that all the meat has been sold before she reaches the counter.

Each member of the family is allowed a pound of meat a week, but as there are only two days on which meat can be bought, many go without altogether. Fish and fowl are so scarce that they have become as much a luxury as meat.

"During the winter," says Melvin Whiteleather, "vegetables are scarce and the only fruit available is scrawny cooking apples. Instead of coffee, Germans drink a tasteless brew of scorched barley. Their tea is a curious collection of mountain flowers, berries and leaves. Only potatoes and cabbage are plentiful."

IT has been admitted that normal food rations, while sufficient to avert actual hunger, are so scant that if continued for long they would produce deleterious effects on the national health.

Although Mr. Whiteleather received doubled rations while he was in Germany, he was told on returning to the United States that he was suffering from malnutrition. Yet Germany has tried to build a fighting force on half the food that is needed to keep an average man "only just fed."

Equally as pressing as the food problem is the shortage of clothes. Suits have been so well patched and remodelled in recent years that there is little chance of their lasting out another winter. Ration cards, allowing everybody a hundred points which he may spend at his discretion in a year, restrict purchases to the barest essentials.

Even the best-dressed women, long deprived of cosmetics, walk out in tattered stockings and cotton socks.

"The well-to-do still have their automobiles," said Otto D. Tolischus, in an article recently despatched from Berlin to an American magazine, "but unless used for urgent business they stand idle in the garage for lack of petrol.

"The rich, like the poor, walk or use public conveyances.

"They still have damask table linen, but for lack of soap it is stored away in closets, and rich and poor alike are beginning to eat from oilcloth or bare tables.

"The week-end guest who, besides bringing his food or ration coupons, discreetly leaves his cake of soap in the bathroom is a welcome guest for ever."

Such is life in the Third Reich, the happy life that was to come to the Germans when Hitler released his blitzkrieg in Europe to add to the glory of Greater Germany.

It is a nation ground down by suspicion, privation and utter misery. It is a nation facing famine. It is a nation living within the steel walls of the British blockade. It cannot exist much longer without cracking.

Hidden Fires in Italy

DESPITE the bellicose yelps with which Mussolini's followers greeted his decision to enter the war, there are still many indications that he can never hope for 100 per cent. backing from his people.

And now that Hitler has graciously "consulted" with Mussolini over the fate of France, it is interesting to assess Il Duce's chances of keeping his subject people war-minded, even when he can claim to have joined "the side triumphant."

To begin with, devout Catholics cannot conscientiously ally themselves with the persecutors of their Church.

Political jokes are always a fair indication of public sentiment.

And Italians have been saying lately that Mussolini gave away the *Passo Brennero* (Brenner Pass) in exchange for the *Passo Romano* (the goose-step).

Even though you may treat such reports with a wise reserve, there can be little doubt that, among a people with such a long tradition of liberty as the Italians, there is a formidable anti-Fascist element contriving successfully to outwit the *Ovra* (secret police) and the *Squadrista* (storm troops).

It is difficult to gauge the strength of this organisation; but it enjoys sufficient cohesion to broadcast from a secret station, distribute literature and its own newspaper, and collect fees from sympathisers in factories.

Growing rebelliousness among Italians has been caused by the appreciable deterioration of living conditions during the last few years.

Mussolini's adventures in Abyssinia, Spain and Albania have been unpopular.

The arms programme and the attempts to make Italy economically self-sufficient have imposed a crippling burden on the nation. Italy is poor in mineral resources, and her reserves of gold and foreign exchange are negligible.

"There is every indication that the Italian Dictator, at any rate, is in a difficult position. . . ." said Mr. Churchill two years ago. "The internal condition of Italy is causing him grave anxiety."

This view was borne out by Mussolini's declaration of war. Necessitated by no considerations of morality, honour or self-defence, it was manifestly a wild effort to secure the toppling edifice of Fascism.

Italian police have been furtively tearing down posters put up overnight that show a starved, emaciated figure and bear the inscription, "Look what Il Duce has done to us."

The increase in political terrorism in Italy in recent months is the measure of a corresponding increase in underground agitation against the Government.

New concentration camps have been opened in remote districts in southern Italy, and the steel-lined rubber truncheon is being wielded ruthlessly and savagely.

Unrest is most active in such poverty-stricken districts as Florence, where money is collected by students and workers to pay for propaganda (leaflets and illegal news sheets) for the Opposition movement, even for struggling workers abroad.

For all his propaganda, terrorism and artificially whipped-up enthusiasm, Mussolini cannot hope for much further help from his disgruntled people.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

WICKED FRAUDS ON WAR BEREAVED

TO the well-to-do relatives of officers killed on active service there goes a tall, distinguished-looking stranger, a man with the air of a retired Army man and a pocketful of seemingly important official documents.

The extreme dignity with which he offers his sympathies, and the diffidence with which he mentions that he has been asked to make arrangements for the disposal of the fallen hero's estate, are so convincing that not even the most canny soul would suspect that he is "wanted" by the police in at least half a dozen towns.

Using such assumed names as Sharpe, Burke, Jones, Ashley, Morton, Gibbons, and Craven, he has faked documents which he produces to "prove" that he comes either from the Admiralty, Air Ministry or the War Office, and after explaining his mission, he produces a cheque for three figures, and adds that there is yet another small problem to be solved.

The unfortunate officer for whom he is acting left behind a few debts—mess bills, oddments of kit ordered but not paid for—and so on.

In one typical case he suggested that £18 would cover the lot. And off he went, taking with him £18 and leaving behind a cheque that was worthless.

So you see why the police want to talk to him.

Although he is probably the meanest of all war crooks, in that he preys on people already bereaved, there are other tricksters, equally vicious, successfully trading on the war-inflated sympathies of elderly people.

Advertising for "pen friends," a rascal named Clyde Lawrence, lately of Oswestry, Shropshire, and who hails from Plymouth, has claimed to be lonely and wounded. Those sympathetic souls who wrote to him out of their goodness of heart were told that he has been injured in a flying crash.

This scoundrel has been handling his misery so deftly, telling absolute lies with such convincing ease that he has thrived on goods and cash sent to him by credulous victims.

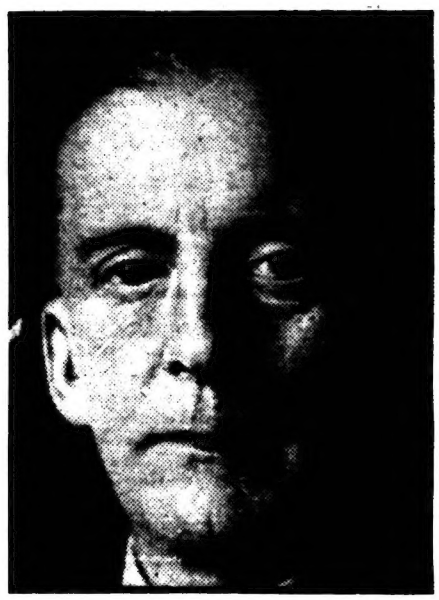
Yet his stories have always sounded so true that it is doubtful whether many people would believe that he has been convicted for bigamy.

Another man who is also working this "lonely soldier" trick with great success has been living comfortably for twenty years by writing begging letters.

Women crooks frequently escape with small frauds by pretending to be hospital sisters, stranded miles from their friends through unexpected emergency. They do quite well out of "borrowing" until their finances have been rearranged.

One notorious adventuress pretends to be opening a convalescent home for wounded soldiers.

But it is the crooks who prey upon the war bereaved who are the most despicable.



Sir Tindal Atkinson, Public Prosecutor, whose department can be relied upon to deal drastically with rogues who prey on the relatives of fallen heroes

Profits from Prayer

HAVING managed to wade through all that Mrs. Marion Bennett, of Goodman Street, Burton-on-Trent, has to say about her "Prayer" in the circulars she has lately distributed through the post, you can't help feeling that an abundance of labour has been wasted.

Originally she planned to publish the new edition of her "Prayer" in the autumn, but she was so afraid it might not see the light of day if the paper shortage became more severe that she has had it published right now.

Assisted by half a dozen printers, she searched for a month before finding a manufacturer capable of producing the paper she needed. And even though she now thinks "perseverance brings success," the paper is "not quite" what she wanted.

But she considers that, "in view of the paper situation," her offer of two dozen copies of the "Prayer" for five shillings is "a very great bargain." In fact, it is such a good bargain that, unless you send your money by return of post, you will not be able to get the "Prayer for love or money."

And this woman also sells a treatment for colds and catarrh when she is not selling prayers.

As well as a "Child-care League," she also has dealings with the United North America Corporation, a strange organisation, shares in which she has offered to give away to those buying her cure!

Financier's Black Record

WILLIAM HENRY QUILLIAM, of Waldegrave Park, Twickenham, Middlesex, now searching eagerly for "sleeping" or "working" partners with £1,000 to spare, ranks high as an optimist.

Surely it can only be optimism that prompts a disqualified solicitor who has served a term of imprisonment to ask investors to trust him with their money, even though he claims to have a hand in a "very profitable business."

In the beginning Quilliam devoted his clever legal and financial brain to making an honest penny, but in recent years he has earned an unenviable reputation.

Quilliam is now controlling "The Good Hope Services"—an organisation selling a treatment that prevents anything from colds to bruises, rheumatism to receding gums.

But then his career has been marked with misfortune.

Two thousand five hundred women were among the women investors who suffered when an earlier venture with which he was concerned failed with liabilities of £510,000.

Then he started another unsuccessful venture in Juan les Pins.

And it was because of his methods in handling the finances of his Société Marbronx, an organisation he started in Nice for buying supplies of marble from the quarries at Midi, that he was sentenced to eighteen months in prison.

The sentence was passed in his absence, and it has never been served.

Investors were caught out by his "Heilbut Symons and Company," an impudent venture that was launched when Quilliam was working in offices in Chancery Lane, London.

In March, 1938, he was sent to jail for two years for the part he played in this concern.

On this evidence alone it looks as though any "sleeping partner" who entrusted Quilliam with £1,000 would soon be suffering from insomnia.

Four Warnings

MOST people don't believe in the existence of "ambulance chasers" until they actually fall into the hands of these plausible people who pester the relatives of street accident victims.

Among the "ambulance chasers" now busy is a firm of alleged assessors, **The Co-operative Claims Society**, of Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn, London. Be cautious!

Nor do I like the methods of women canvassers of the **Northern Piano Company**, Nottingham, who persuade housewives to have their pianos tuned.

They say it will cost 3s. 6d., but when the tuner starts work he discovers that there is a moth in the instrument, and claims that repairs will cost £7. At least the company makes 3s. 6d.

If by any mischance you believe that there is to be a fortune made out of stamp deals, don't put too much faith in **Mr. A. Culley's "Atlas Stamp Service,"** of Nelson Road, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex, which offers a twelve-and-sixpenny stamp-dealing course for half a guinea.

He claims that there is big money in stamps—if you know the ropes.

Well, give some people enough rope and they'll hang themselves.

Mr. H. Elliott, of Bristol Road, Northfleet, Birmingham, is another of these generous-hearted fellows who wants to share with the world his secret of how to "make real money."

For one shilling and sixpence he will send you "Cash In"—a book devoted to money-making schemes.

During the last two years his schemes have been concerned with stamps, cigarette cards, lead models, home employment, toys and novelties. Snag is, to make these novelties you have to buy lead moulds from this impudent fee-snatcher.

He's So Kind!

BESET by debts amounting to twenty pounds, an Essex reader of JOHN BULL replied to a newspaper advertisement that said: "If worried by debts, write to Mr. Seymour, 340, High Road, N.W.6."

He received a reply from "H. and A. Seymour, advisory accountants, of Merrion Chambers, 13, Merrion Row, Dublin."

The "H. and" was crossed through in ink, so also was the whole of the Dublin address. "Advisory Accountants, Capital Found and Partnership Arranged," was all that was otherwise left of the notepaper heading.

A footnote instructed him to write to the head office in north-west London, and he was given to understand that a settlement could be "arranged" if he paid a fee.

When I learned from yet another reader that he had sent 17s. 6d. as a "fee" to this firm, and received only 16s. 6d. of it back after threatening drastic action, a JOHN BULL investigator visited the North-West London address of the firm, to find that the offices are nothing more important than a small, wretchedly furnished apartment.

Meantime, A.—for Austin—Seymour told a caller who was "worried by debts" that he was chiefly concerned with debt collecting, but knew a City firm that would advance money at 14 per cent.

Seymour advertises in Dublin for clients willing to pay 30s. as "a fee" to prove their bona-fides.

There is no need for me to add that he is the last person to go to if you are "worried by debts."

GUINEA FOR PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

For a very special reason I am not giving the name of the correspondent who has been awarded this week's £1 1s. "One Who Knows" is her pseudonym.

Readers are invited to write to me about all matters needing enquiry. Envelopes should be addressed to me at 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and marked "Public Benefactor."

She's So Slow

READERS are complaining about the way Mrs. E. Bedford, of Hill Top Farm, Ramsgill, Pateley Bridge, Yorkshire, is doing business.

From her attractive advertisements, poultry-keepers are led to believe that she deals in pullets, but many people who have sent her money are now complaining that they have not received any satisfactory results.

They are perturbed about her haphazard methods; and while I do not wish to suggest that there is any question of fraud, it is obvious that a dubious impression will be created if you have to be bombarded with letters from clients before you take action.

So for her own good I urge Mrs. Bedford to be less dilatory.

The Greatest of These

DON'T forget in these strenuous days of national effort that there are many families still labouring in the shadow of the last war.

Typical is the family of Mrs. M. McKenna, of Mottingham, South London, whose husband served with the Royal Artillery in the last war, and is now in the Royal Air Force.

Mrs. McKenna is striving desperately to maintain a family of five boys and two girls, all under nine years of age. They have all been ill, one with pneumonia; they all need extra nourishment and new clothes.

Donations earmarked "Nourishment" and addressed to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, will be gratefully accepted.

All expenses connected with the Fund are borne by JOHN BULL. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We are grateful to all donors.

Honest, courageous, a man of high principles, Lord Lothian, Britain's advocate in Washington, is introduced to "John Bull" readers by Hannen Swaffer, who says he was

In a Queer Dilemma

"If Hitler gets our Fleet and destroys it," said Lord Lothian a week ago, "the whole foundation on which the security of both our countries has rested for 120 years will have disappeared"

LORD LOTHIAN'S job in Washington is now comparatively easy. Four months after he became our Ambassador the war broke out and he found himself in a difficult spot. America had all sorts of opinions about the war, despite the grim warning it had received about Nazi plotting and Nazi spies and German-Americans who were drilling.

Disillusioned about the consequences of the last war, it was frankly Isolationist. And the new Ambassador could say little or nothing. If he kept his mouth shut he was accused of timorousness. If he spoke frankly people said he was guilty of propaganda.

Meanwhile, Nazi agents were busy at work, lying and spreading Goebbels' poison. In the British Embassy, Lord Lothian could do little except apparently tell British film actors in Hollywood they needn't come home.

Lothian's appointment to Washington was severely criticised in some quarters in London. You see, he had greatly favoured Appeasement, so much so that in April, 1938, he had felt it necessary to deny that there was such a thing as the Cliveden Set "with which I am supposed to be associated."

Indeed, although he had been a firm advocate of an Anglo-German understanding, he was at that time thoroughly alarmed and telling members of the Government they "really must stand up to Hitler."

The truth is, of course, that a good many people formerly accused of being pro-German are now Hitler's most violent enemies. Horrified at his treachery, they now see him as the enemy of all for which their traditions stand.

Mind you, this is not true of *all* of them. Even now . . .

Still, Lothian is completely disillusioned.

I last saw him when, towards the end of the Great War, he was still Lloyd George's advisory secretary and plain Philip Kerr. He took on the job when LI.G. became Prime Minister in 1916, and he held it for five years.

He had, then, one of the most brilliant minds in Whitehall and a wide knowledge of affairs.

His intelligence impressed you. His manner charmed. Ll. G., indeed, listened to him more than to almost anybody.

I was amazed, that last time we met, to find myself next to him at a luncheon, called by a publicity man, I discovered, to invent slogans for the election which was to follow the war, slogans which were to keep Ll. G. in power.

As I was anything but a supporter of the Coalition—except for war purposes—I was, I am afraid, a bit facetious.

Still, Kerr was not much more serious. "Slogans" seemed strange things to him—vulgar and blatant.

Besides, as it turned out, Ll. G. did not want any slogans of his own. "Hang the Kaiser," not his invention, did the job all right.

PHILIP KERR had a brief spell of public office in the National Government in 1931 and the following year.

As Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and then as Under-Secretary for India, he lasted a few months. Then his native honesty made him get out. It was because of Ottawa.

In these days of the Empire's peril, we see the Dominions at their best, loyal to an ideal, generous, more than responsive, prepared to throw in their all.

But the Ottawa Conference showed the reverse of the picture. It was a nasty, seedid little scramble for Empire trade.

Even Baldwin was horrified.

Canada wanted its whack. Industrial interests behind the various Governments bargained, and raised the ante.

Lothian resigned.

As Sir Archibald Sinclair, who soon was to become Liberal leader, said years later, "No one made greater sacrifice for his principles in those days than did Lord Lothian."

HAD he remained in the Government he would probably now be holding a very high place.

Instead, he travelled around the Commonwealth and through India, wrote extensively for the Press, and lectured, not known much by the public but with considerable influence in the Lords.

He took a strongly independent view. Indeed, he was almost unique in public life.

It was as a Christian Scientist and also as a teetotaler that he became associated with the Astor Group, and therefore no doubt bore the "Cliveden Set" label.

Besides, he knew the United States very well.

Therefore, when Sir Robert Lindsay resigned soon after the visit of the King and Queen, there was no one more fitted for the Embassy at Washington than a high-minded Scotsman whom the Americans respected and whom the Americans knew.

His appointment was as much a breakaway from tradition as was that of Lord Bryce years before.

It was with great tact that for months Lothian faced Isolation.

Then Hitler did for him what he could not do for himself.

The Nazi cruelties in Poland, their overrunning of Denmark, their treachery in Norway, their brutal conquests—with the aid of the Fifth Column—of Holland, Belgium and France, changed even the Middle West, where there were scores of thousands of Poles, Norwegians and Danes.

When France went, even the shell-back Isolationists of the old Borah type realised that it was the British Fleet which stood between the Beast and all that remained of European civilisation.

More than that, it knew that if Britain went, both American continents would soon be at the mercy of an all-conquering Nazidom.

No people change as do the mixed-up nationalities that are loosely called Americans. Very sentimental, intensely home-loving, deeply religious underneath, they respond in an instant to any appeal.

A wave of emotionalism sweeps across their continent in an hour.

SO it is that even without Lord Lothian—and his quiet influence has been enormous—we now have behind us in the States the whole-hearted good will of every person except those German-Americans who are coloured by Nazi influence and those Irish-Americans who, for political reasons, still remain anti-British.

To-day, at last, Lothian need show no tact. He can be blunt and frank.

"If Hitler gets our Fleet and destroys it," he said a week ago when France was broken, "the whole foundation on which the security of both our countries has rested for 120 years will have disappeared."

He was speaking at Yale. But his words were addressed to 140,000,000 Americans.

"We are grateful to you for the help you have sent us in arms, aeroplanes and materials. We want everything you can send as quickly as you can."

There was in his address that stalwartness which he knows is in every British heart at home.

"If we can hold out until Christmas," he told Yale, "we can prove that Hitler, with all his brutal violence, cannot break our spirit or conquer our island."

He knew the perils. He knew the trials.

"Hitler will attack us from the North, the East and the South," he said, "by aeroplane and invasion. But we in the British Empire are not downhearted. We believe that the independence of Britain is literally the last bastion of freedom in the world."

And it is believing that, nay, knowing that, that Britain will go on to the end.

HELL-DIVING BULLY OF THE AIR

RIDING a bellowing beast of the air that can travel at 435 miles an hour in a vertical dive, the pilot of the Nazi Stuka drops out of the dazzling sky like a stone, releases his "egg," and whisks off behind any available cover, rolling or turning until he can zoom for the altitude that will bring escape.

It is with this manœuvre that this ugly, tough-looking single-motored monoplane, with its upswept and back-swept wing, became Public Enemy No. 1 to troops and civilians in France.

From dawn to dusk these ungainly Junkers Ju. 87's raided railroad bridges, factories, docks and beaches, and roads jam-packed with troops and refugees.

They paved the way for the advancing columns of tanks; they tried to spread terror by dropping whistling bombs.

Artillery Substitute

Nazis firmly believed that dive-bombing, supplementing and substituting for heavy artillery, would allow them to blast their way through civilisation.

But Allied gunners found the weak spot in the bullying methods of the Stukas.

They held their fire until the aircraft flattened out at the end of its dive and then "let him have it" when he offered the best target.

In a month five hundred Stukas never recovered from their dives; a thousand pilots and gunners, sitting tandem in their glass solariums, met their doom.

More typical of Nazi weapons than even the lumbering tank, the Stuka, a hell-dive Junkers 87 bomber, a clumsy, bellowing aircraft equipped with whistling bombs, has become the bully of the air.

Yet the Stuka still holds the Nazi fancy as a murder weapon, even though each dive is an invitation to suicide.

Copykrieg

Stuka, Nazi abbreviation for *Sturzkampfflugzeug* (dive battle-aircraft), employs on land tactics that were first developed by British and United States naval air arm pilots.

Lacking the bombsights, which Allied aircraft employ to place their bombs with uncanny accuracy from great heights, Hitler had to make his pilots undergo the terrific strain of a vertical dive.

Dropping from the sky at an incredible speed, the hell-dive pilot can use diving brakes, strips extended perpendicular to the wing, to keep his speed down to 250 miles an hour for accurate bombing and a safe pull out.

Temporary Black-Out

Even so, there is usually a temporary black-out for the crew as they jerk out of their headlong flight, begin to zoom again for safety.

Yet sometimes they are unable to come out of that dive, and engines of wrecked Stukas have been found buried nine feet below the ground.

The Stuka has two machine-guns, permanently rigged in the wing's leading edge. As protection against enemy pursuit, there is another gun on a swivel mount.

But bombs are the Stuka's main weapon.

For sighting when bombing the pilot must use the same sight as his gunner uses for the machine-guns.

He has four hundred-pound bombs in the racks on his wings, a devastating thousand-pound bomb, which is the biggest wallop he packs, under the fuselage, on a rack that extends as he dives.

This extension is needed to guide the bomb away from the ship's propeller. Many Stukas have been obliterated through bombs dropping into the aircraft's whirling screw.

We Shall See

It remains to be seen whether this hell-diver, believing that his paralysing quickness, his swift descent and his fast getaway will save him from anti-aircraft shells and machine-gun fire, will attempt his bullying methods over Britain.

But the Stuka, now synonymous of Nazi frightfulness, will have little effect on British morale, and Britain's well-tried, veteran "A.A." gunners have all that it takes to wait for that vital second when the bomber flattens out, gives them the perfect target.

The Empire's Finest

Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duty . . . so bear ourselves that, if the British Commonwealth and Empire last for a thousand years, men will still say: This was their finest hour.—*Mr. Churchill, June 19.*

By A. G. GARDINER

YOU could find no more inspiring text than the words I have quoted for what I have to say in this momentous time.

The land we love is in deadly peril.

All that we cherish, the lives of those most dear to us, the liberties that our fathers have won for us through the centuries, the treasured possessions that have become a part of our being, the human civilisation with which we have done so much to enrich, not ourselves only, but the whole world—all is threatened with destruction as it has never been threatened before in all our history.

The flag that has "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," and been the emblem of all the conquests of the human spirit, has become the solitary hope of the world against the wave of barbarism that has descended upon it under the hideous banner of the Swastika.

It floats over Vienna, over Prague, over Oslo, over Amsterdam, over Brussels, even over that "City of Light" which until recently was the capital of our Ally.

THIS ISLAND HAS BECOME THE LAST FORTRESS OF CIVILISATION IN EUROPE. IF IT SHOULD FALL, THE WHOLE STRUCTURE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE WOULD FALL WITH IT.

AND NOT THE BRITISH EMPIRE ALONE. THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE WOULD ASSUREDLY FOLLOW.

HITLER AND HIS BARBARIANS WOULD CONQUER THE EARTH, AND THE CHRISTIAN CIVILISATION, WITH ITS GOSPEL OF JUSTICE, PEACE AND HUMAN FREEDOM, WOULD VANISH IN AN ABYSS OF SAVAGERY FAR MORE DREADFUL THAN THE EXPERIENCE OF THE DARK AGES.

If we are to rise to the height of this mighty issue, if we are to acquit ourselves so that indeed men in all the centuries to come will say of us "This was their finest hour," we must face that reality inflexibly and unafraid.

We are fighting for the soul of the world. We are fighting to save all the spiritual values of life from being swept down by a torrent of blind, soulless materialism that would leave us without God and without hope in the world.

This is the task that has fallen to the British Empire, and fallen to it alone.

And dark and desperate though the outlook is, I do not for one moment doubt that the judgment of history will be, not only that "this was their finest hour," but that this was the most victorious hour of the British spirit.

I cherish this confidence on both moral and material grounds. Whatever the blind frenzies to which men are liable, sanity is the mainspring of the world.

In the end, paganism and brute force have always collapsed before the things of the spirit.

For thousands of years the Huns and the Goths have swept with resistless power as they now do upon the sanctuaries of civilisation, and always they have been conquered in the end by the only gospel by which men can live.

"Thou shalt worship what thou hast burned, and burn what thou hast adored," said Remequis, the Bishop of Rheims, to Clovis, the Hitler of a dozen centuries ago, and the tide of barbarism broke then as it will break now.

It will break on the impregnable rock of the British Empire.

THE MORAL BASIS OF THAT EMPIRE IS INDESTRUCTIBLE. IT IS FOUNDED ON THE RECOGNITION OF THE DEEPEST SANCTITIES AND PASSIONS OF THE HUMAN HEART—THE LOVE OF FREEDOM, THE HATRED OF SLAVERY, THE SANITIES OF HOME AND PEACE, THE COMMUNITY OF NATIONS, THE IDEAS OF LIBERTY, FRATERNITY, EQUALITY.

THE story of the British Empire is not without its blots, but seen in the large it is the most illustrious chapter in history.

Wherever the British flag flies men are free and justice is done.

For more than a century no slave has been born under that flag. For more than a century the principle of government of the people, by the people, for the people, has spread over the world, until the British family of nations, bound together by nothing more than a common speech, a common tradition, and a common love of liberty, has become the model of a world reconciled within itself and eternally at peace.

SIX GOLDEN RULES OF DEFENCE

NOW an armed fortress without equal in history, Britain faces all comers with the supreme confidence born of an efficient fighting machine.

Not only does the military administration work with the smoothness of first-class clock-work, but also the civil administration, now in the care of twelve Provincial Governors, is so well organised that the country could now live as a dozen separate units if it were necessary.

Every inhabitant of Britain now comes within the control of one of these twelve men.

They control police, fire services, and are in close liaison with military commanders.

In nine months of war these Regional Commissioners, whose names are given on the table in this page, have organised their civilian armies. After intensive training these million and a quarter helpers, many of them full-time workers, are competent to handle any emergency, created either by invasion or air raid.

* * *

This new British system of internal administration, which would have seemed incredible only a year ago, has General Sir Hugh Elles as its supreme chief.

Officially chief of the Operational Staff of the Civil Defence Services, General Elles will be remembered as "Admiral of the Tanks," a title he earned as commander of the Tank Corps in the last war.

Since then he has been Master General of Ordnance at the War Office.

REGION	COMMISSIONER	HEADQUARTERS
Northern.	Sir Arthur Lambert.	Newcastle.
North-Eastern.	Lord Harlech.	Leeds.
North-Midland.	Lord Trent.	Nottingham.
Eastern.	Sir Will Spens.	Cambridge.
London.	Sir Ernest Gowers.	
	Capt. the Rt. Hon. David Euan Wallace, M.P.	68, Victoria Street, S.W.1.
Southern.	Mr. Harold Butler.	Reading.
S.-Western.	Sir Geoffrey Peto.	Bristol.
Wales.	Col. G. T. Bruce.	
	Mr. Robert Richards, M.P.	Cardiff.
Midland.	The Earl of Dudley.	Birmingham.
N.-Western.	Sir Harry Haig.	Manchester.
Scotland.	Rt. Hon. Thomas Johnston, M.P.	Edinburgh.
S.-Eastern.	Rt. Hon. Sir Auckland Geddes	Tunbridge Wells.

A soldier and an organiser, he has already won the deep loyalty of his provincial governors and their willing and resourceful assistants.

Each of these twelve governors has a miniature cabinet of delegates from the services they control, from Government offices and from the military.

In fact, the Regional Commissioner fulfils the duties of the Prefect of a French Department, a job that could have been created in Britain only by an emergency born of war.

In time of trouble, obedience to their orders is secured by all the penalties that defiance of the Government entails.

They will see that you fulfil the instructions issued by the Ministry of Home Security, telling you how to act in an invasion.

Meantime, the twelve Commissioners have done everything possible for the safety of the civilian population.

They ask only that people have implicit faith in their instructions and follow them to the last letter.

Their trained forces will deal with every emergency.

* * *

They will see that all air raid casualties are given every attention, that damaged buildings are demolished, that fires are extinguished, and that gas-infected areas are decontaminated.

To make sure of these services working efficiently they ask that you not only find out what is expected of you in your district but also that you obey the golden rules, quoted by General Elles, when he said:—

DO NOT SPREAD RUMOUR,
DO NOT BLOCK THE ROADS,
DO NOT BECOME A FUGITIVE,
KEEP A CLEAR HEAD,
KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT,
STAY PUT AND SIT TIGHT.

* * *

In issuing more detailed instructions based on these lines, the Ministry of Home Security, helped by the War Office, explained that Hitler's invasion of Poland, Holland and Belgium was helped greatly because the civilians were taken by surprise.

They did not know what to do when trouble started.

There is now no need for anybody in Britain to be in ignorance of what to do when any attempt is made by the enemy either to bombard this island into submission or to land troops.

The Prime Minister said that staying at home and getting on with the every-day job would be as great a test of endurance as anything expected of the Fighting Forces.

So read those instructions again, prepare your home as though it were a vital corner-stone in the nation's defence.

Steel yourself against the emergency. Prepare to stay put until told to move, hide your food and your bicycles, your maps and your petrol, so that they can't fall into enemy hands, be ready to help the military, be careful about any rumours that you hear, and above all, think twice before you do anything.

But when you do it, think of the country—not of yourself.

It's worth it!

t Hour

Never has liberty as the principle of uman relationships been so triumphantly ustified.

At the challenge of the dictators the whole ritish Commonwealth of Nations flew to rms with one consent.

The battle of one was the battle of all.

All the plottings and conspiracies of the azis fell dead at a stroke.

Canada, Australia and New Zealand have taked their all upon the issue.

South Africa, which Hitler had hoped to educe to a condition of civil war, has proved s loyal as any element in the Commonwealth.

Even more gratifying is the devotion of he Colonies throughout the world, which, reading what their fate would be under Nazi ule, have made splendid contributions.

And nowhere in the Empire has that cause ad a more resounding response than in the reat dependency of India.

The domestic controversy with this coun- ry has been almost quenched for the time eing by the horror felt at th appalling havoc rought in Europe by the barbarians and by he realisation that the British rule is India's nly safeguard against the fate of Poland, Holland, France and the rest befalling her.

The eloquent appeal of that great Indian, abindranath Tagore, to President Roosevelt o help to save the cause of freedom in Europe s significant of the wave of pro-British senti- ment that is sweeping over India.

IF THIS ISLAND CAN WEATHER THE LIZZARD THAT IS IMMINENT, THIS OLID PHALANX OF THE BRITISH COM- ONWEALTH OF NATIONS WILL GO FAR O DECIDE THE ISSUE.

For it grows increasingly probable that if Hitler cannot knock us out of the ring this ummer, he cannot do so at all.

He has gambled everything on the single low, and if it fails his power must decline.

It must decline for obvious reasons. He as flung all his accumulated reserves into his whirlwind attempt to conquer Europe in one verwhelming onslaught.

He has had a career of astounding riumphs. But he must finish us off by the ame whirlwind or he is doomed to face a inter which will be fatal to him.

WITHOUT OUR DEFEAT HIS TRIUMPHS RE EMPTY TRIUMPHS.

HE HAS SURROUNDED HIMSELF WITH TRICKEN AND DESOLATED LANDS AND UNGRY AND REVENGEFUL PEOPLES.

They can contribute nothing to his trength, for he has already robbed them of all hey possessed.

E is threatened with a famine unlike any- thing in the history of Europe since the Thirty Years' War, and on a scale far eyond that of the Thirty Years' War.

Not only will the peoples be starved of ood. His mighty army will be starved of the ssentials of war.

His vast expenditure of oil cannot be eplaced, for the blockade has now stopped very trickle of that precious commodity into is reservoirs, except what he can get from umania and Russia.

And the present indications of the Russian ttitude suggest that he has far more to fear han to hope from that quarter.

Moreover, apart from his expenditure of il on the war, he has suffered colossal losses y the brilliant exploits of the R.A.F. on the il storages of Germany.

Needless to say, all that is true about the mpoverishment of German resources is at east equally true of Germany's jackal, Italy.

A. G. GARDINER

I do not doubt that the judgment of history will be, not only that "this was their finest hour," but also that this was the most victorious hour of the English spirit

If Hitler pales at the prospect of another war winter, his fellow gangster has even more reason for panic, for he has a people whom he has plunged into this hideous gamble against their will.

BUT we have no reason to fear the winter. On the contrary, we have only to prolong the war to another winter to make victory assured.

For behind our fortress are the open seas, bringing to us the resources of the whole earth outside Europe—food and armaments, pilots of the air and sailors of the sea, oil and ore, and a hundred commodities essential to our striking power.

ABOVE ALL, BEHIND US IS THE MIGHTIEST INDUSTRIAL POWER IN THE WORLD, THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, NOW FULLY AWAKE TO THE FACT THAT ITS OWN FATE IS AS MUCH BOUND UP WITH THE FATE OF THIS COUNTRY AS THAT OF CANADA IS.

With the furnaces of America blazing to feed us with arms, our power will mount daily while the power of Hitler declines.

We have but to hold on, and our supremacy in the air will be as decisive as our own supremacy at sea already is.

In the quality of men and machines that supremacy is even now established.

It is only a matter of months before the numerical superiority will be equally decisive.

I do not in all this forget the terrific tragedy of France or the complications that tragedy involves for us.

BUT THIS WAR IS GOING TO BE DECIDED ON THIS ISLAND. IF OUR FORTRESS HOLDS OUT THIS SUMMER I VENTURE TO PREDICT THAT THE CURSE OF HITLER WILL BE LIFTED BY NEXT SPRING.

He will perish in the midst of the wreck he has made of Europe.

And in saving ourselves we shall deliver all the stricken peoples, Poles, Czechs, Austrians, Norwegians, Danes, Dutch, Belgians and French from the most hideous nightmare that has ever afflicted this planet.

In this great cause we must be prepared to suffer all things—death, destruction, the loss of those we love, calamities that are nameless.

For the alternative is the universal death of the human spirit.

Let it be said of us for all time: "This was their finest hour."

Argue It Out ***By Pallas***

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER

IT is quite the thing to laugh at the Local Defence Volunteer Corps; at their ill-found equipment, at their somewhat ragged marching order.

Perhaps that's because the people of this country have rarely taken a serious job seriously until the fact that it is serious has been forcibly thrust on them.

There is nothing funny about the L.D.V.

There is a certain tragic stupidity which makes men of decision and enterprise shudder.

On a recent stand-to I paraded next to a middle-aged man. Like myself, his sole equipment was an armlet.

Although he ended in the last war with the rank of brigade major and had commanded a battalion, he paraded as a private with the L.D.V.

The section leader was a nicely-spoken youngster of about 30. He had in his section a number of "old sweats" and one or two men who had held field officer rank in 1914-1918.

Why on earth, I asked myself, was a man who had led a battalion in the last war just ignored in the L.D.V.? Surely his knowledge of men, of arms, of tactics could be put to better use than this parading under a young man totally ignorant of warfare!

* * *

THIS question of the use of man-power is one that concerns not only the L.D.V. It embraces every phase of the war effort. The services of every man and woman must be so utilised that the State will benefit to the fullest possible extent.

There are difficulties. Some are the result of stupidity. In a certain area members of the L.D.V. are charged the cost of transport to a rifle range. There, if they wish to fire a few rounds, they must pay a penny a shot.

A small thing this. But there must be many men who cannot afford those pennies. And if those men can handle a rifle and are willing to sacrifice their sleep and leisure, they should not be called on to pay for cartridges.

The L.D.V. has attracted to its ranks a lot of remarkably good men. And it seems to me that the older they are the keener they are.

Bank managers mix with farm labourers. Professional men run round in their cars picking up members of the unit while others on bicycles scorch round warning for duty those men who are not available on the telephone.

It is good to work with these chaps, good to realise that this second line of Britain's defence is as solid and as sound as her first line.

I've never heard a grumble—unless it has been provoked by delay in the issue of equipment.

* * *

NOR should there be a grumble, unless it is admitted that even in her most desperate need Britain must cling to her traditional right of grousing.

Grumbling never harmed anyone, so long as behind the grumble lay a defiant spirit and a steadfast heart.

I've seen plenty of those characteristics lately. On a visit to the North recently, where the first of the bombs had dropped, I found only a determination to get on with the job, and a strengthening resolve to turn out more and more munitions.

Our women are impressive in the tenacity of their will and the purpose of their courage. At the last resort many are ready to handle a gun, a rifle, ready to fight shoulder to shoulder with their men-folk.

My wife is one such woman. Never have I felt such pride in her as I have done in the past few days. Her quiet confidence, her ultimate desire to fight, her determination to go on to the end, to see this thing through, have steeled me more than any other factor to fight on with her and for her.

I know girls in their 'teens who think the same as my wife. I know boys who will go to any length to get hold of a gun and take their place in the battle.

There is nothing here to laugh at. But there is something so beautiful that I am moved almost to tears.

The L.D.V. will soon have progressed beyond its first stage of endeavour. It is a symbol of the spirit of Britain, and its men are doing, and will do, their bit.

OLIVE OIL—
nature's safeguard for your Schoolgirl Complexion

Nowadays, when vegetable oils are increasingly hard to come by, this wonderful soap is the best you can choose. For every tablet is made with a generous supply of olive oil to soothe and smooth your complexion *all over*. In every bath Palmolive does two things for you. It cleanses *safely* and it beautifies *naturally*.

Charming daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe, Lady Diana is a true "English" beauty. She has recently taken up ambulance driving. Of Pond's Creams she says: "They make it so easy to keep skin smooth, to ward off ugly blemishes and to have a fresh, healthy complexion!"

"These busy days I'm doubly thankful that I know this simple way to keep skin smooth"

says

LADY DIANA STUART-WORTLEY

Analysis of
LADY DIANA STUART-WORTLEY'S features

(1) *Shape of face:* Round, with a slightly pointed chin and broad, smooth brow.

(2) *Eyes:* Large, almond-shaped, deep blue in colour—the skin round them strikingly smooth and supple.

(3) *Nose:* Straight and charmingly formed, the skin very white and free from blackheads and coarse pores.

(4) *Mouth:* Not large but generously curved, with an attractively short upper lip.

(5) *Chin:* Clean-cut, short, with delicate, unblemished ivory skin.

(6) *Hair:* Sleek, brown, with golden lights, worn in a long "bob."

Like so many lovely young Society women, Lady Diana Stuart-Wortley believes in regular complexion care—yet has little time for it. "That is why I like Pond's Creams so *very* much," she says. "They keep my skin marvellously smooth and yet are so easy to use!"

They can do as much for *your* complexion as they have for hers. They will keep your skin smooth as satin, free from roughness, blemishes or sallowness! After one application you can see a difference in your skin. Day by day it becomes softer, smoother; coarse pores close; tiny lines are smoothed away.

Use Pond's Cold Cream every night to cleanse your skin and, if it is dry and parched from exposure to the wind, use it as a lubricant as well. Every morning use Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder. It protects your skin, forms a smooth, even foundation over which your powder will go on smoothly and cling for hours. Pond's Creams are sold in tubes and jars.

P.S. HAVE YOU TRIED **POND'S** *Lipstick?*

The best remedy for 'dirty' heads

Mother — or 'foster-mother', now that you have charge of evacuees — it isn't carelessness on *your* part that gets a child a 'dirty' head. The very *cleanest* child gets infested with dangerous disease-carrying pests, *all too easily*. Wise mothers take *this* precaution—they keep a tablet of **Derbac Soap** (6d. & 1/-) in the house. It's perfect for weekly shampoos. And doctors recognise Derbac as the simple, *certain* home disinfestant for 'dirty' heads. So mothers, write to Pure Products Ltd., Colwick, Nr. Nottingham, for free, informative booklet, 'Hair Hygiene' — be forewarned!

Polly put the Kettle on and we'll have no more CONSTIPATION

Taken last thing at night, **CLOISTER HERBAL TEA** is Nature's remedy for constipation. Cloister is a mixture of 18 different herbs, each of which has its own distinct action on stomach, intestines, liver and kidneys. Cloister dispels those black-out blues and brings back bounding health and pep. All chemists, 6d. and 1/6.

The ONLY way to really lasting Natural CURLS

The original and best scientific curling lotion. No heat or irons. Simple to use. Vosemar gives you glorious natural waves and curls in any style. Results really last, later become permanent. Beware of imitations, makers guarantee. Thousands of delighted users. FREE booklet on request.

From all chemists or post free (Dept. J.B.3) VOSEMAR, LTD., BURY, LANCS. 1/6

(Curly Top gives babies natural curls. 1/3 tube.) **Vosemar**

"SILF" *Brand*
Reduced

BUST . . .	8 inches
HIPS . . .	6 inches
WAIST . . .	9 inches

Grateful lady says:—

"I thought you would be interested to know how your wonderful Silf reduced my weight from 12st. to 8st. 7lb. My measurements were:—Bust 42 ins., Hips 42 ins., and Waist 34 ins. Now my measurements are:—Bust 34 ins., Hips 36 ins., and Waist 25 ins., so you can see the marvellous difference."

Silf Bread Obesity Tablets are obtainable from all Chemists at 1/2, 3/- and 5/- per box. (You save by purchasing the larger sizes) or post free by sending the price to:—THE SILF CO., LTD. (Dept. 63B), 59, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1. *(These prices do not apply to Eire). No proprietary rights claimed in the preparation of this remedy.*

Dempsey was then a husky giant, well over six feet, lean-hipped and broad-shouldered, and utterly ruthless as he ripped his way through triumph to the championship

Prominent among A. W. Helliwell's "Giants of the Ring" is husky Jack Dempsey, whose terrible right hand packed a

PUNCH WORTH £1,000,000

BLACK stubble on his unshaven jowl lent added menace to the dark-haired, bronzed young heavyweight as he came out of his corner on shifting, dancing feet.

He was a husky giant—well over six feet—lean-hipped and broad-shouldered, yet he was dwarfed by the enormous proportions of the mountainous opponent moving ponderously towards him.

Jess Willard, the eighteen-stone farmer from Kansas, sweating profusely in the scorching heat of the Toledo sunshine, was defending his world title against Jack Dempsey, who in less than four years had battered his way to the front rank of the champion's challengers.

Four years previously Dempsey had been a ragged hobo, bumming his way along the dusty highways of the United States, "riding the rods" from one city to another in heartbreaking search for fortune.

He had known what it was to go hungry, and now, in striking distance of his long-cherished ambition, he was ablaze with determination.

The hot blood of four of the world's fiercest fighting races flowed in the veins of the one-time hobo—Scots, Irish, Jewish and Indian—and so, unperturbed by the overwhelming physical advantages of the giant farmer, he rushed in, both fists swinging.

He crouched, half-doubled over his studding gloves, and then, with incredible swiftness, he shot a paralysing right-hand punch under Willard's heart.

As it landed with the smack of a stick striking a sack of damp sand, the champion reeled back to the ropes.

Never has a more valuable blow been struck.

Not even Dempsey realised the immense fortune it was to bring him.

For that short, hammer-like right to Willard's heart was pugilism's only £1,000,000 punch. That was the size of the fortune Dempsey, greatest money-spinner in boxing history, amassed during his eight years as champion.

A million sterling founded on one punch!

Even though it did not finish the fight, it left Willard nothing more than a chopping-block.

As he staggered back, his big mouth gaping with pain and his ham-like fists hanging helplessly at his sides, Dempsey smashed a left to his chin.

Never before had the gigantic Willard been knocked off his feet; now he spun like a top and keeled over with a crash that shook the ring.

As soon as he climbed to his feet Dempsey was on him, his eyes narrowed to murderous slits, and as his terrible right fist landed again Willard dropped for a second time.

THE rest of that dramatic opening round was the nearest thing to licensed murder that has been seen since the old knuckle-fighting days, when men slugged each other until they were blind or their limbs were crushed and broken.

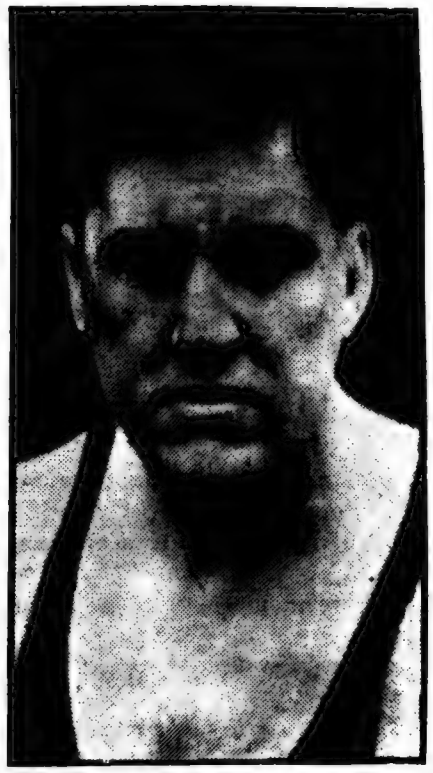
Seven times Willard went down.

And as the gong sounded he was sprawled across the canvas bleeding from the cuts and gashes opened on his battered countenance by Dempsey's whirling fists.

So great was the excitement that the referee, failing to hear the sound of the gong signalling the end of the round, counted the champion out and raised the ex-hobo's glove.

His stern fighting mask now relaxed into a joyous smile. Dempsey was executing a little dance of victory in his corner when the mistake became known.

When told he must fight on, he nodded grimly. He sat in his corner restlessly shuffling his feet to and fro in the resin and tapping the backs of his gloves together as he watched the frantic efforts being made to restore Willard to consciousness.



Jess Willard, eighteen-stone farmer from Kansas, had never been knocked off his feet until he felt the full force of Dempsey's ruthlessness, which broke even his lion courage

HALF-BLINDED, the champion reeled out for the second session.

Before the round was half over Dempsey's savage attack had closed his other eye. He milled blindly round the ring, helpless against those crushing blows.

Yet somehow, kept going by his lion-like courage, he lasted through that round and one more, before he finally tottered pathetically back to his corner, and groping blindly for the towel that hung there threw it into the ring.

Willard, who managed himself, trained himself and made all his own decisions, was then so terribly punished that he could not speak. He had barely sufficient strength to toss in the towel. When that was done, he slumped on to his stool in utter dejection.

The recently resurrected film of this contest, among the most savage in ring history, shocked even hard-boiled American sports writers, who had forgotten what a killer Dempsey was in action.

"Impatient with Referee Ollie Pecord, who attempted to restrain him at one stage, the incipient creator of the million-dollar gate brushed Ollie aside and rushed in savagely for the kill," wrote one of them after seeing the movie.

"In those days they weren't so fussy about a fighter hitting his opponent from behind, and it isn't at all pleasant to watch the prostrate giant peering panic stricken, like a cornered animal, over his shoulder as Dempsey prepares to mow him down from behind the moment his knees leave the canvas."

DEMPSEY'S fights were full of raw, full-blooded action.

He was utterly ruthless and without feeling for his opponent once he stepped inside a ring, and it was the awe-inspiring sight of seeing the Manassa Mauler ripping and snarling his way to one victory after another that drew those astonishing three-million-dollar gates which made promoter Tex Rickard's fortune.

Meeting Dempsey to-day, suave and immaculate in the swanky restaurant he runs on Broadway, you would never guess that he was once such a terror.

Now the terrible right hand that once launched a £1,000,000 punch works overtime greeting the wealthy and the famous as they come to dine.

Floating Canteens For New Army

KEEPING pace with the technique of the modern army, the Y.M.C.A., famed in the last war for its untiring efforts to comfort harassed troops, is carrying on the good work in this war by means of mobile and floating canteens.

It is only by means of fast mobile canteens that the famous Red Triangle Service can keep in touch with detachments of Britain's new fighting Force.

Sworn to Secrecy

There are a hundred and twenty-one canteens—each carrying a driver and a canteen worker—now touring Britain.

Each visits thirty detachments a day, and the driver and canteen worker are sworn to secrecy about the positions of the encampments at which they call.

Of the twenty-four mobile canteens which were at work on the Western Front, thirteen were lost in the evacuation of Dunkirk.

Welfare Work

The Y.M.C.A. does not only supply provisions.

Workers collect the men's clothes to be washed and repaired; run shopping errands, provide books and entertainments, organise religious services.

Floating canteens, built into motor cruisers, glide up and down rivers and chug serenely around the coasts of Britain, visiting balloon barrage stations.

Money for the first car that went to France was raised by auction at the Mansion House, and the car itself was inspected by the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace.

More than Doubled

The Empire Tea Bureau and the Ford company have each given a fleet of cars, and many have been supplied by individuals in memory of relatives who fell in the last war.

When the war started the Y.M.C.A. had already established two hundred and seventeen centres. Six months later they numbered 550, and among the premises converted were an old junk shop, a granary, a stable, a disused hotel, a poultry shop, a Bishop's palace and a Communist club.

Looking after Parents

The Y.M.C.A. is also doing a great deal for evacuated children in the reception areas.

Through the efforts of Red Triangle workers, parents visiting their children have been given hot meals and provided with halls in which they could sit at ease when talking to the youngsters.

Meantime, Y.M.C.A. workers provide children with lined paper and help them to write home.

Also, they are assisting with their education, and pupils of the Poplar School of Navigation, the Walthamstow High School for Girls and other schools have been transferred by the Y.M.C.A. to holiday camps in rural districts.

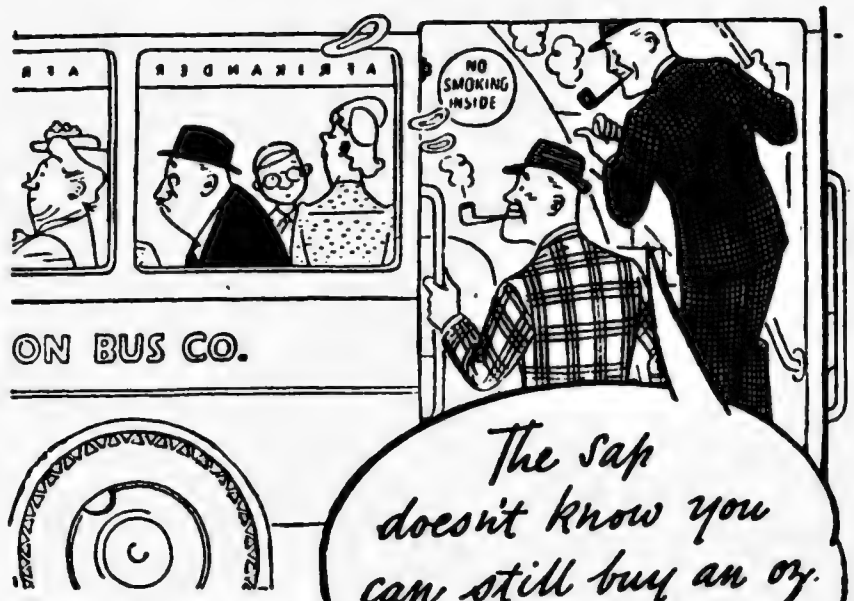
"I am ready"

Today, we civilians are asked to look our dangers in the face; to make ready for them and to meet them, if they come, with some of the calmness and courage that we expect day by day and month by month from our fighting men.

Are you ready? If the Government wishes to give urgent National messages hour by hour, will you hear them? If the message comes over the air on some unusual wavelength, from some long distance perhaps? Apart from this vital purpose — communication in the hour of stress or danger — your home needs a good radio set to keep you in good heart at all times. Are you ready?

MURPHY
MUNITIONS
for the
HOME FRONT

C.R.C. 40



Why even think about cutting down on the old pipe, when an ounce of Afrikander still only costs 1/2? Try some to-day. Whatever you've paid for tobacco in the past you won't have had more satisfaction, such downright dependability, as Afrikander gives . . . and all for such a moderate cost.

1/2 an ounce

MIXTURE, FLAKE, NAVY MILD, SHAG, HONEY DEW

AFRIKANDER

Is Smokers' "Fur" ruining your Teeth?

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth, do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling. Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is damaging and staining your teeth. But don't worry, you can stop this fur from ruining your teeth to-day.

***Protect Teeth with new toothpaste containing* 'MILK OF MAGNESIA'**

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. What is the scientific way to destroy mouth acid? 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' is the most effective antacid known. 12,000 dentists urge smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only toothpaste containing it—Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Commence fighting mouth acid to-night. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and clean your teeth with it each night and morning. Then you'll feel the difference; no more morning mouth; no more stale breath. Instead you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean; a sweet mouth to give new zest to smoking. A mouth that will say Good morning! and mean it.

PARCELS TO THE FORCES

Include a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia in your next parcel for 'him' or 'her.' You will be sure to please by this thoughtfulness. Sold everywhere at 6d., 10½d. and 1/6 a tube. 'Milk of Magnesia' is trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

NEW HAIR
by using KOTALKO

"After being perfectly bald I now have a complete new growth of hair in natural colour by using Kotalko and Kotalko Soap. My hairdresser and many others can confirm this." J. Bindley.

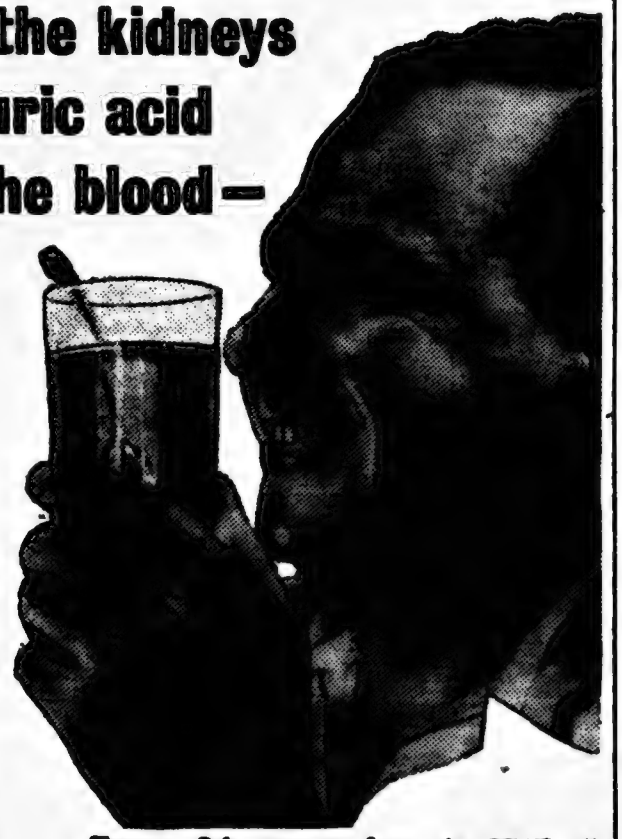
KOTALKO
YOUR HAIR GROWS

You may obtain a testing package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap by sending 3d. in stamps for postage and packing.

Kotalko is supplied by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, and all Chemists and Stores; per bottle 1/- and 2/6. Kotalko Soap—the Tonic Shampoo, 1/6 per tablet.

JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 9, Percy St. (S.L.V.), London, W.1.

To flush the kidneys dissolve uric acid cleanse the blood—



take the spa cure at home

FYNNON SALT

Fynnon Salt extracts from the blood all poisonous wastes and expels them gently through the bowels. It is those poisons which cause rheumatic pains and torture the nerves.

The three spa mineral elements in Fynnon Salt, sodium, potassium and lithium, purify the blood, soothe the aches and pains of rheumatism and gently stimulate the liver and kidneys. To the tired and run-down, Fynnon brings the revitalising benefits of the pure mineral spring.

Large tin 1/3. NEW TRIAL SIZE 6d.

BE PREPARED

The outbreak of typhoid fever in Holland immediately after the German invasion is a reminder that disease follows in the track of war and the extensive movements of population.

In view of the possible interruption of public health and sanitary services, and the disagreeable and dangerous consequences arising therefrom, it is necessary in the interests of public health, as well as for the protection of your own household, that you should have available an adequate supply of a reliable disinfectant. Prompt measures in such a situation are essential, as germs multiply with amazing rapidity.

Jeyes' Fluid will protect you.

For nearly sixty years "Jeyes" has been a household word for the best household disinfectant—the best because it is the most powerful germicide that can be used with equal success for general disinfection and for cleansing wounds.

It has the outstanding advantage that it is safe in the home and safe in use because it is non-corrosive.

It is also economical because of its concentrated strength, being nine times stronger than pure carbolic acid, and a teaspoonful in a pint of water is deadly to germs which would not be killed by many other products when used at their full strength.

A supply of Jeyes' Fluid should be an essential part of your A.R.P. arrangements.

Do not delay.

DOUBLE YOUR CROPS OF VEGETABLES, FRUIT, FLOWERS, etc. with—

Sangral

THE BALANCED SOLUBLE
LIQUID MANURE

For High Quality TOMATOES FEED WITH SANGRAL

6d. PACKETS and 1/6, 3/- & 5/- Tins

(The 1/6 tin makes 20 gallons of liquid fertiliser.)

Sold and recommended EVERYWHERE

LARCO LTD. LIVERPOOL

WILL SCOTT

continuing his series of brilliant war-time short stories, takes you to the hilarious reunion of four old friends who met again to discuss That Man after being scattered to the four corners of the country.

It Was Thirty Bob Well Spent

THE war had scattered them, if not to the ends of the earth at least to the corners of the country. Once they had met seven nights a week in the old "Hop Poles." Now six months had gone by and they had not met at all.

They had been four corners of a square, each as different as he could be from the other three; which, perhaps, was why they had held together for so long.

Dewey, plump, smiling, amiable, with never a wrong word to say about anybody. In fact, with hardly a word to say about anything; an onlooker, preferring to smoke his cigarettes and listen. But certainly with never a wrong word to say about anybody. You'd have thought, from the way Dewey looked at things, that this was a world full of angels.

Wells, talkative and full of information, who went on and on, but meant well. A cumbersome sort of man, but you had to like him. Wells, heavy and slow.

Horner, lean and excitable and loud, who always knew "for a fact," who always wanted to get things done; Horner, who shuffled in his chair and waved his hands and thumped the table and told the world.

And Bassett, quiet and sit-in-the-cornery, who always seemed to be lighting a pipe. If ever he said anything you forgot it the next minute. And so did he.

It had gone on for years, their nightly meeting in the "Hop Poles." Wells first, because he lived in the town, at half-past seven or so. Bassett, because he had things to do for "the wife," second. Dewey, because he was on the first train, came next, and Horner, because he was on the second train, came last.

By a quarter-past eight they were all there. Every night.

A word or two with old Ted, the landlord, a joke or two with Meg, the barmaid, an all-round grouse with anybody else who happened to be there that times were no longer what they used to be and that trade was going to pot.

Then, for the second round, they'd withdraw to the corner which had so long been theirs by right of conquest, to talk it over and laugh it over till old Ted called time at ten o'clock.

Every night and seven nights a week. For years.

AND it wasn't until they were there no longer that the little things of their background began to seem so large.

The hinge on the side door which gave one squeak when you opened it and two squeaks when you closed it. The cigars in the coloured wine-glasses high up on the shelves—cigars which nobody seemed to buy and probably nobody ever would.

Meg's knitting, which went on night after night, but never seemed to get itself finished.

The ghastly oil-painting, by somebody who couldn't paint, of the Husband's Boat going down to Margate before the last war.

Dozens of little things like that, to bring it all back to them when they were gone.

They went almost like smoke in the wind.

In the middle of August, 1939, they were there for the rest of their lives, and Horner knew "for a fact" that that there wasn't going to be any war.

In the middle of September, 1939, their favourite corner in the old "Hop Poles" was empty.

Horner went north with his department. Wells took his family somewhere along the coast. Decreasing business drove Bassett back to London. And Dewey finished up somewhere in Bucks.

At first they wrote to each other regularly every week. As soon as the war was over they would be back in the old home town together, sitting round their own particular table in the corner of the "Hop Poles," just as if they had never been away. They were all perfectly miserable "here."

Then they wrote once a fortnight. Then Horner dropped out for a month, because there was nothing to write about. Then Dewey.

Soon, in their scattered corners, they were wondering how old So-and-so was getting on. "Haven't heard from him for weeks."

Wondering whether they'd ever meet again, in the "Hop Poles" or out of it.

IT was (of course) Horner who got the idea and started things going. His department decided that after six grinding months he needed a rest if he was going to keep on being useful. They told him to take a fortnight and he rubbed his hands with delight.

Then he wrote to Bassett.

"I'm coming up to London for fourteen whole days," he said. "What about getting the lads together and making a real night of it? Just like old times before this damned war threw us all over the place. Dewey ought to be able to manage it from Bucks all right. It would mean stopping in town for old Wells, but I should think he'd jump at it. Could you write 'em? I've lost their addresses."

Bassett, when he got Horner's letter, brightened up for the first time since the outbreak of war. He put everything aside in order to get off his letters to Dewey and Wells by the next post.

When he received their replies, again he put everything aside to write off to Horner.

*

They met, late in March, in the bar at Porter's.

There were handshakes and back-thumping and elbow-squeezing and grin after grin.

Everybody babbled out their news together and nobody listened.

Everybody insisted on paying for the sherry. Somebody bought cigars.

"This is great!" exclaimed Bassett.

"Just like old times," said Wells.

"Nearly," said Dewey. "To make it perfect we ought to be back in the old home town, tucked into our corner at the 'Hop Poles.' Never mind. We will be one day. When this infernal war is over."

"Here," said Horner, and took them aside. "I've got a suggestion. Just for to-night we'll let the war rest. Won't even mention it. Make it as much like a night at the old 'Hop Poles' as we can. Anybody who mentions the war doles out a penny to each of the others. Every time. Agreed?"

Of course it was agreed. They thought it a fine idea. Then they all went upstairs to dinner.

"Well," said Horner, "and how have you boys been keeping these long months?"

"Myself," said Dewey, "I've nothing to grumble about. For some reason my business took a jump as soon as war broke——" He stopped.

"H'm," he said with a smile. Then gravely he handed a penny each to Horner and Bassett and Wells.

"Careful!" said Horner.

Talk drifted back to the far-away nights at the old "Hop Poles."

"Remember how the side door used to squeak once when you opened it and twice when you closed it?" said Bassett.

"By Jove, yes!" said Horner. "I'd forgotten that. The times I've cursed it! But I wouldn't mind hearing it now. And do you remember that dreadful painting of an old Husband's Boat going down to Margate years and years ago?"

"And those cigars in the coloured glasses high up on the shelves," said Bassett.

"And Meg's knitting," said Wells. "What was it? In all the years I knew the 'Hop Poles' it never seemed to get any nearer the end."

"When this war's over——" said Bassett.

And stopped.

And blushed.

And forked out three pennies at once.

Dewey, the onlooker, the listener, blinked, pursed his mouth, said nothing.

"This isn't going to be easy," said Wells. "All roads seem to lead to the forbidden topic."

NOR was it easy. Again and again one or the other came to the brink and stopped. The war had made such a great difference to their settled lives that to ignore it altogether seemed almost impossible.

Gaps came into their talk; little pauses.

"Phew!" gasped Wells, just missing another three-pennyworth.

"H'm," murmured Horner, wondering how to bring in some memory of the days "before the war" without bringing in the war itself.

"Just for to-night we'll let the war rest. Won't even mention it. Make it as much like a night at the old 'Hop Poles' as we can . . ."

Until at last, when the cigarettes were passing round, the peaceful Dewey gave them the shock of their lives.

"To blazes with it!" he exclaimed.

And dragging out his wallet he threw a ten-shilling note at each of them.

"Now for my money's worth!" he said. And he started.

Hitler. His opinion of Hitler. What ought to be done to Hitler. What he'd like to do to Hitler. This about the war. That about the war. The other thing about the war. Everything. . . .

Dewey, the amiable, who never said a wrong word about anybody. He went on and on for half an hour. War, war, and nothing but war. Hitler, Hitler, and nobody but Hitler.

Until at last he sat back almost breathless.

"Thirty bob," he said, "but it was worth every penny. I feel better now, with that out of my system."

"Well. I'm damned!" said Wells.

DEWEY and Horner left in the same taxi.

"Notice old Bassett's cuffs," said Horner.

"Yes," said Dewey.

"And his general manner?"

"Yes," said Dewey.

"I don't think he's doing too well since the war."

"No," said Dewey. "I noticed the way he blushed when he had to dig up threepence."

And presently:

"What else could I do? He'd never ask for ten bob. And if I'd offered it to him he'd have refused. You know what he is. But *that* way. . . ."

Horner gaped.

"You mean," Horner insisted, "that you didn't part with thirty bob in order to get off your chest all you think about Hitler."

Dewey raised his eyebrows.

"Get off my chest all I think about Hitler?" he said. "What! For thirty bob?"

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The one with the hoop is Joan — she's 7 next week. A mischievous little rogue, and as healthy as a summers day.

1

2

And here's Willie. That innocent look is a blind - he's a young tornado really! You seldom find him poorly like some of his playmates.

It's the same with me and the old man — that's him in the trousers. Family Health Soap keeps us clear of infection; we're the despair of every germ in the neighbourhood.

3

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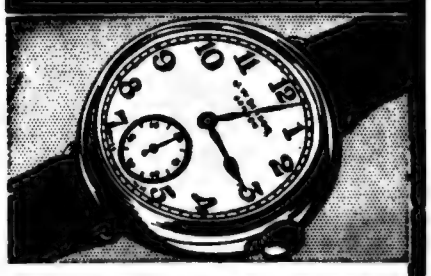

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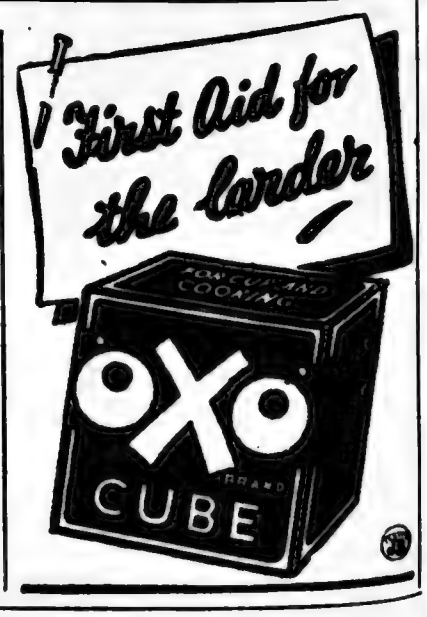

RISK WORTH TAKING

ALWAYS give a repentant sinner another chance. The experiment is worth risking. If he makes good there is cause for rejoicing. If he fails again your mind is set at rest.

This soliloquy follows an exchange of letters with a woman reader.

"Twenty-five years ago," she wrote, "my mother separated from my father because she felt her children ought not to be brought up in an environment of endless quarrels, debts, and shortage of food caused by a man who spent all his available cash on drink.

"My mother, proud and refined, stood it for years. Then the home and business were sold, the proceeds divided, and my parents went their different ways.

"It was a hard struggle for my mother.

"We hit some nasty bumps and had plenty of setbacks, but she had grit and hope. And she made a success of it in the end.

"She was always loyal to father, saying he was the best in the world when he was sober. But we children knew he was never sober.

"Now I am happily married and mother lives in my home.

"Last week she received a letter from father asking her to help him create another home.

"After twenty years' silence, father confessed that he had been a fool, made all kinds of promises of reform, and asked to be forgiven.

"Mother read and reread his letter to me with a thrill of happiness in her voice, her cheeks flushed, her eyes happy. She was in love again.

"Mother wanted to go back to him. She believed every word of his letter, and she looked into my face for an answer.

"What can I say? She is so safe with me. The future with dad is anything but safe. I should be grateful for your opinion."

As the mother obviously wanted to go back to her husband, I suggested that she should risk it. Such a decision was not final. She could always return to her daughter if things turned out badly.

The writer of the letter agreed with my advice.

LATER she wrote again:—

"I took a deep breath and told mother that if she wanted to return to father it was all right with me. It did not take her long to make up her mind. In four days she was gone. . . .

"And she came back yesterday.

"She let herself in with the key, just said 'Hello,' exchanged kisses, took off her hat and coat, and quietly said, 'I'll take these up to *my* room.'

"So that was that."

The rest of the story came out later. "Dad" celebrated the reunion by getting drunk. The so-called home was nothing better than a kennel. The man had gone down and down.

Yet he expected his wife to share his humiliating lot.

It was a terrible experience. But the effect on the wife was satisfying. She would not have missed it for the world.

"I have fretted and longed for him for years," she said, "and if I had not gone I should have gone on reproaching myself.

"But it is all over, and I feel free at last—freer than I have felt since the day I first left him."

And the writer of the letters adds:—

"May I thank you for the peace of mind that your advice has brought to mother, and for the contentment that has come to mine."

Guineas for Readers

HUMANIST this week offers advice to a woman who wonders whether she should give her husband a "second chance." Every week he tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page—without your name, of course.

HERE is a letter introducing a subject that perplexes many readers.

"My wife and I were going to the pictures the other evening," he says, "but when we arrived at the cinema I suddenly felt that we ought not to go in.

"There was nothing objectionable in the film; it was something we both wanted to see. But I felt that it was wrong to sit enjoying ourselves when so many men were facing danger.

"The feeling was so strong that I persuaded my wife to forgo the entertainment. We went for a walk instead—it was a perfect summer evening—and we fell to discussing the whole problem.

"Is it right to seek amusements at a time like this?

"Would not our sons feel that we are rather heartless to forget what they are doing for us?"

Men in the Fighting Forces would not wish their parents to sit worrying and brooding over them.

They would like to feel that the people at home are carrying on, working for victory, and then taking well-earned relaxation.

It is no good living in a state of perpetual tension. You work all the better for a spell of relief.

"Mother read and reread his letter with a thrill of happiness in her voice, her cheeks flushed, her eyes happy. She was in love again"

Pleasures are legitimate when they are well deserved.

Two or three weeks ago I printed a letter from a man whose wife criticised him for joining up before it was necessary. That letter brought a great many indignant replies from women all over the country.

"My husband volunteered soon after war broke out," writes a soldier's wife. "He explained that it would mean sacrifice for me and the children.

"He did not want to leave us, but the urge was so great in him that I promised to do my utmost on the home front while he was away.

"As soon as he left, all the pessimistic humbugs started chin-wagging.

"How was I to manage on the Army allowance?

"How silly to give up a good job!

"How miserable for me to be left on my own with the children!"

SHE goes on to say:

"I did not let them irritate me, and I did not let them cast doubts on my husband's loyalty. I set about my job, and showed them what I could do.

"During the dark evenings I made up for the loss of companionship by knitting jumpers and pullovers, and even tried my hand at papering a bedroom.

"In the lighter evenings I started 'digging for victory.' I turned the garden over unaided, planted potatoes, cabbages, cauliflowers and beans. I also helped my neighbours, who are working at full pressure, by shopping for them.

"Wives of men serving in the Forces can do their bit by being loyal to their men—by keeping their chins up, laughing at stupid rumours, and letting the Nazis see that British women will never give in."

Another soldier's wife is still more emphatic.

"I would like to meet the wife who criticises her husband for enlisting," she writes. "I would give her a few home-truths!

"My husband went through the last war, and he joined the R.A.S.C. when he came home in 1919.

"I have sons of my own now. Did I expect them to sit at home and wait till they were called? No! They volunteered right away.

"What was good enough for dad was good enough for them.

"Now I have WELCOME HOME over the door, waiting for them to get their leave.

"Am I proud? I'll say I am!

"If God had given me a dozen sons they would all have been there."

Such courage on the home front is an inspiration. The women of Great Britain will stand fast.

TWO of the most important necessities of the day are that we shall not waste paper and that we shall subscribe to War Loan.

At such a time the Government issue postage stamps twice as big as in pre-war days, including a penny stamp that cannot be used on the savings sheets procurable from any post office—the poor man's way of lending to the State.—D. M., Epsom.

G.P.O. says: "People wanting normal-size penny stamps for war savings can insist on them." Issue of big Jubilee stamps will end about July 6.

Voice of the People

I AM a French-Canadian, aged 21. My ambition, since I first started to think, was to go to Europe to see my land of origin—particularly Paris.

I saved something towards that end, and that "bit" I spent on travelling hundreds of miles to enlist.

After months of training my division went to France. But I did not see Paris. Paris had fallen. But I saw the soul of the French people.

My new ambition is to fight on and on until Paris is out of German hands. We French-Canadians will never go back to our Canada until that is achieved.—J. C. F., "Somewhere in England."

* * *

BRITISH uniforms captured in the retreat towards Dunkirk would enable Nazis to drop hundreds of parachute troops dressed and equipped like "Tommies."

I suggest, therefore, that all our men should be equipped with a special armlet that can be changed daily, and will be large enough to be seen in the dark.—G. A., Windsor Avenue, Anlaby, E. Yorks.

This possibility has been studied. Authorities say their precautions would defeat any such ruse.

* * *

WHEN pupils of secondary schools are evacuated to other towns, parents usually buy new outfits to suit the school to which they are sent.

Parents of scholarship children cannot afford the expense, particularly as ridiculously high charges are usually made for school garments.

It seems robbery to me.—Constance R. Green, Dudley Avenue, Kenton, Harrow, Middlesex.

It is also criminal waste of wool—one of our most important war essentials. More sensible is the Nottinghamshire headmaster who sends a letter congratulating mothers on a good, neat patch, saying: "A neat darn or patch is the mark of a good mother."

* * *

HAVING sent a telegram to my dear wife to say that I was safe home from Dunkirk, I worried, imagining her standing terrified with the envelope in her hand, afraid to open it.

I got home to find the postmistress had written "Good News" on the envelope.

The postmistress is still waiting for her good news, I am sorry to say.—A. B. Hardwick, Bolckow Street, Eston, Yorks.

Reader Hardwick adds: "Any payment is for Greatest of These Fund." An ex-Service man's family will benefit to the extent of 10s. 6d.

* * *

AS the second verse of the National Anthem has become appropriate to the hour, let us sing it whenever we sing the first verse.—H. Butcher, London, S.W.

Remember it?
O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix.
God save us all!

* * *

CAN I help the country I love? I am an ex-soldier with an invalid wife.

I work on the farm seven days a week, cook my own meals, carry my wife downstairs to the chair where she sits till I carry her back to bed, keep our child tidy for school, do all our washing and housework.

I've done this for fifteen years without a holiday, so there's not much I can offer the old country except my solid silver war medal.—J. Morgan, late Warwick Regt., South Marston, near Swindon.

If everybody did as much, no harm could befall this country.

* * *

LET us remember the motto on the City Arms of Paris: "*Fluctuat Nec Mergitur*"—"It Rocks, but Never Sinks."—N. S., Clerkenwell, E.C.

* * *

I HAD to call at a house where a young alien girl, aged seventeen, had been ordered to report to the police. Terrified, she was crying her eyes out.

I saw her after the "ordeal." She was aglow.

"They were friends," she said. "So much help they gave, so sorry they seemed, so much kindness there was."—John Proctor, Tideswell Road, Shirley, near Croydon.

We've had to round-up many Germans and Italians who are most probably friends of Britain. We can't afford to take a risk. Yet so tactfully have police officers worked that few such aliens have any sense of grievance.

Still Determined to Visit Paris
*
Will Invaders Dress as "Tommies"
*
Patches Praised by Headmaster
*
Motto We Must Try to Remember
*

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"I LOVE YOU" he whispered

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without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

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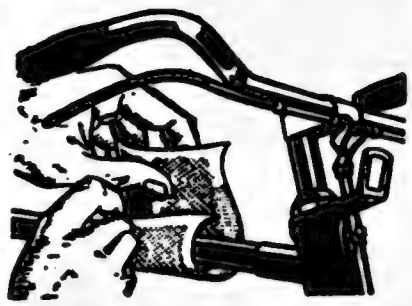

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The value of well-kept secondhand cycles has gone up by leaps and bounds, and will rise still further as the cost of new cycles advances.
A shabby cycle never fetches much, but you can put a £1 on its value if you paint it with ROBBIALAC SYNTHETIC FINISH.
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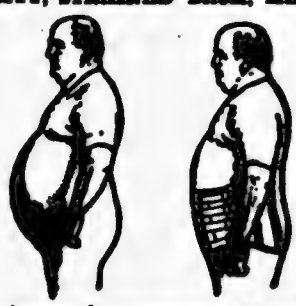

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Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

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3 LETTERS FROM PEOPLE WHO BROKE DOWN IN HEALTH

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IN EVERY CASE

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1. Mrs. A. B., Derby
"Following an illness I went from 10 stone 5 to 7 stone. Someone recommended Dr. Cassells Tablets—I took 2 in the day and 2 last thing at night. I slept 6 hours that night . . . a thing I had not done for months. I put on weight. I shall always say Dr. Cassells saved my life."

2. Mr. F. S., Bolton
"I came off work with a serious nervous breakdown. Then I tried Dr. Cassells Tablets—and from the first bottle I began to regain my health. I enjoy my food and my sleep is normal."

3. Mrs. L. P., Birmingham
"I had a nervous breakdown. In spite of treatment I did not get any better. I bless the day I started to take Dr. Cassells Tablets. I sleep better and eat better—and no longer have pain after meals."

THE QUICK TONIC ACTION OF DR. CASSELLS TABLETS IS THE SECRET OF THEIR AMAZING RESULTS! Get YOUR bottle of Dr. Cassells Tablets today! The powerful aid of this wonderful tonic will put you on your feet. Prices: 1/3, 2/- and 5/- everywhere. Trial size: 9d.

TAKE DR. CASSELLS TABLETS

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ENDS HAIR ON ARMS AND LEGS IN 3 MINUTES

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No Coarse Regrowth

Shaving only makes superfluous hair grow faster and coarser. This new delicate fragrant cream dissolves away every trace of hair like magic. Leaves no stubble like the razor. Skin is left soft, white and satin-smooth. It's the latest discovery of Science. Sold everywhere under trademark Nair. "VERY." 1/3 and 2/6. (Trial size 6d.)

GRIN AND BEAR IT! By OLIVER PLUSH

Abusive Letter from A Picnic

DEAR SIR,—You have seen fit to make several grossly insulting remarks about my efforts to please your family last Sunday.

It was no fault of *mine* that you saw fit to hold me immediately on top of that ants' nest beside the river.

It was none of *my* doing that the youngest Plush inadvertently fell into the aforesaid river while trying to wash that teacup. I refuse to accept any responsibility for the misadventure.

To describe me as a "foul and festering flop" is to do me a cruel injustice.

Even though all the hot tea did pour out of the thermos and ruin the cucumber sandwiches, it was not I who screwed the cap on firmly. This elementary precaution seems to have been omitted by every member of the Plush menage.

Unless I receive a full and unequivocal apology by return, I shall place the matter in other hands.—Yours indignantly,

A PICNIC.

Cure for Nerves!

Another blow has been struck at the hard-pressed denizens of the Harley Street tenements.

A soldier of the B.E.F., back from Dunkirk, was met by a specialist who had treated him for nervous trouble before he joined the Army.

"How are your nerves?" asked the specialist in hushed tones.

"Fine, thanks," came the breezy reply. "I'm cured."

Downed Lipsticks

Women drivers for the Swiss Medical Service are told on joining: "You're in the army now. Leave lipstick and powder-puffs at home. Bring scrubbing-brushes instead."

After all, the good old country complexion is still the best—even if you have to use soap and a scrubbing-brush to achieve it!

Racing Dept.

German racing stewards have forbidden owners to name their racehorses Adolf, Hermann, or Ribbentrop.

Wise precaution!

It would be too pathetic (not to say prophetic) when the whole bunch came to grief in the British Handicap.

Interval Score

Now that the B.B.C. has stopped using chimes as its interval signal, all sorts of suggestions for an alternative have been floating around. The Plush Special Investigation Service has secured, at terrific cost, some of the riper and richer suggestions.

AN A.R.P. WARDEN: Gramophone recording of dance tune: "Let's Put Out the Light and Go to Bed."

A FIFTH COLUMNIST: Sounds of moaning, groaning, and gnashing of teeth.

FOUR SCHOOLBOYS (Assorted): Intermittent popping of ginger-beer corks.

A CHATTERBUG: Heavy buzzing as of bees in the bonnet.

OUR INCOME-TAX MAN: Dramatic recitation entitled, "Pay up, pay up and play the game," repeated *ad lib.*, not to mention *ad nauseam*.

Versonalities

MR. WALT DISNEY.

Walt bought a little pencil, then he
drew a little mouse
And added lots of little friends to live
in Mickey's house,
And the humour he imparted to his
happy family
Soon made the name of Disney just as
famous as can be.

With a charming touch of whimsey and
a sense of kindly fun,
He gives life to little puppets who appeal
to everyone,
And his phantasy's so merry that we all
can say of him,
"Here's a fairy tale creator who is any-
thing but Grimm."

The Right Set

Many famous lawn-tennis players have been giving exhibition matches to help the Red Cross. But then they were always generous to a fault.

OLD BILL
By Bruce Bairnsfather
"There's a map 'ere, mate. I'm just lookin' ter see whether the ferries are in front of us or behind us this mornin'"

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST: ". . . more cattle must be sent because of the large amount of GLASSLAND ploughed out lower down."

CLEVELAND STANDARD: "The chairman said: I have visited nearly all the PRAYING grounds this season."

SOUTH WALES ARGUS: "They would receive a week's PLAY from the collieries in lieu of the holiday."

THE WELSHMAN: "Fishing with the ROAD and line. . . ."

THE DAILY POST: "The French military spokesman stated to-night that the fighting HEN seemed to have reached its maximum intensity."

DORSET COUNTY CHRONICLE: "Two gallons of beer and two LOVES of bread are distributed daily."

THE SHIELDS EVENING NEWS: "How many more THANKS has the enemy which are fit to use?"

DERBY EVENING TELEGRAPH: "These obliged the tanks either to come to a halt or else to push on FATHER."

THE LAST LAUGH

B. T. (Fulham).—"It is rather worrying to see beer in bottles shining from the pub opposite into my flat." Well, do your best to shift it.

GOURMET (Hull).—"There is nothing like water for starting a meal." What about the soup they serve in some restaurants?

S. N. (Elstree).—"I sat for the R.A.F. exam. last week, and how do you think I came out?" Through the same door as you went in.

MISS D. (Clacton).—"I applied for a job as governess, but immediately refused it when I discovered the woman had thirteen children." You're superstitious?

BERT (Edgware).—"I do physical exercises and my brother has taken up the piano." When you get stronger you'll be able to take up the piano, too.

KAY (Chorley).—"I told my prospective employer that I left my previous job because I wouldn't let the boss kiss me." So you're still looking for a job?

TOMMY (Manchester).—"There was a huge gate at our local cricket match last Saturday." But not too huge for you to climb over, we hope, Tommy?

E. E. (London, W.).—"To be able to keep a virile man in a poky flat for any length of time a woman must have particular attributes." Yes, she must be pretty and live opposite.

L. T. (Bath).—"The chief clerk got on my nerves, continually looking at my writing and saying I had not finished off the 'I's' properly." So you dotted him one?

MRS. W. (Staines).—"I told my maid to be careful with a number of my pictures as they were old masters." She must have been shocked to think you had been married so often.

R. M. (Epping).—"Thanks to the war, I have seen nothing of the hundreds of picnic clubs that used to come here every summer." It must be pitiful to see formations of gnats returning from a reconnaissance flight over your forest with nothing to report.

MR. T. (Penshurst).—"My wife is always trying new recipes." See letter below.

MRS. T. (Penshurst).—"My husband is always trying new patent medicines." See letter above.

F. J. (Ackworth).—"My brother has just had his appendix removed and he underwent the operation bravely." Didn't you think he had it in him?

MRS. H. (Tunbridge).—"I have found out that this woman is going round telling lies about me." But it might be worse; she might tell the truth.

E. C. (Heybridge).—"During excavations we came across the skeleton of a man with his head firmly fixed between his hands." We suppose the income-tax form had crumbled away?

W. B. (Barnet).—"The new whistling bombs won't shatter the nerves of the people in this country.' Especially people hardened to the musical efforts of errand and office boys.

PRODUCER (Brixton).—"I did not like the band as a whole, but the trombone player definitely caught my eye." And that was probably your own fault for getting in the way.

RECRUIT (Hampshire).—"Is there any way of preparing for the terrific noise and bumping I shall have to put up with in a tank?" You can borrow our neighbour's second-hand car.

P. F. (Ealing).—"Some entrance exams. are a farce. How can one expect words of five and six syllables to be spelled by eight-year-old children?" Incorrectly, we should say.

K. R. (Kew).—"When I cut open the fish it contained another, and that in turn had another inside it." That's the first fishing story we've heard in which the fish gets smaller as the tale goes on!

J. J. (Suffolk).—"We had a great 'do' here recently at the manor house. The squire invited everybody and the mansion was brilliantly lit up for the party." Did the guests fit the surroundings?

M. N. (Wantage).—"The number twelve has been recurring to me all day long. Isn't it odd?" No, even.

FANNY (Winslow).—"I have a picture of you in my mind all the time." How small you make us feel!

E. M. (Hove).—"The secret for getting down one's weight is a diet of garlic." Yes, but what is the secret for getting down the garlic?

R. N. (Essex).—"The sunbathing girl is missing from this seaside resort." Yes, we fear you will not see her back on the beach this summer.

S. M. (Reading).—"I received several very useful gifts from various members when I took part in my last cricket match prior to joining the Army, but what do you think the umpire gave me?" Out!

E. B. (Hampstead).—"Burglars broke into the houses on either side of me last night, but although my door was unfastened, they left my house alone." All the same, they seem to have thought there was a catch somewhere.

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GREAT PEN
OFFER
Cash your Coupons
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This Coupon with P.O. for 2/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles you to a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, fitted pocket clip. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 2/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance.
DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.
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G-Men Call Him Sherlock Holmes

"Does the ace private detective—the sort of man who solves crime by sheer brilliance of deduction—actually exist in private life?" JOHN BULL put this question to Louis Mansfield, the criminologist, who has already contributed many fascinating pen portraits of criminals and international spies to these pages. This story of a real-life Sherlock Holmes begins a series of articles in which he will give the answer.

EDWARD OSCAR HEINRICH, famed private detective of Berkley, California, has achieved so many triumphs with his amazing scientific reasoning that even the famous "G-men" concede him the title of "America's Sherlock Holmes No. 1."

English private detectives may concentrate on shrewdly prepared traps.

Pinkerton may "break down" a suspect by playing on his conscience.

William J Burns may concentrate on applying his ingenious "psychological approach" to the solution of the crime, but Heinrich will have none of these things.

To Heinrich a man is innocent only as long as test tubes and microscopes support his story.

The man is guilty if those test tubes and microscopes prove the story to be impossible.

Heinrich was asked to visit the remains of a laboratory in which a man had been killed through the explosion of a bottle of chloroform that had been left too near a naked gas flame. When he found there tiny slivers of glass on the bottom half of the bottle he indicted the witness for First Degree Murder.

He knew it was impossible for chips of glass to fall *inside* the bottle when the explosive force would be acting *outwards!*

That is the way Heinrich works.

Science is his only guide.

When the Pacific Express was held up and robbed, near the Siskiyou Tunnel, by three bandits who dynamited the valuable mail car, the killers murdered the train crew before making their get-away.

They believed "dead men tell no tales!"

Federal detectives worked fast.

They found a revolver, two mail sacks and a pair of discarded overalls stained with what appeared to be motor grease in the tunnel.

The overalls soon led them to a local garage mechanic, who was unable to supply a satisfactory account of his whereabouts at the time of the killing.

SO as to tie-up the case, they shipped the overalls to Heinrich's Berkley laboratory with a close description of the arrested man.

Heinrich discovered that the stain on the overalls was fir-tree gum.

Twisted around one of the buttons was a single hair, smooth and round, light-brown in colour.

In the right-hand breast-pocket he found a great quantity of tiny wood chips, some Douglas fir pine-needles and some finger-nail parings.

In the left-hand pocket he discovered more pine-needles and a smaller quantity of wood chips.

With these as his only clues, he sent the Federal men the following telegram:

"You are holding the wrong man.

"The overalls you sent were worn by a left-handed lumberjack while working around fir trees. He is a white man between 21 and 25.

"Not over 5 ft. 10 in. tall, and weighs about 160 lb.

"He has medium light-brown hair, light-brown eyebrows, noticeably small hands and feet, and is rather fastidious in his personal appearance.

"Apparently he has lived and worked in the Pacific North-West. Look for such a man.

"The man you hold is innocent."

Detectives made a special trip to Berkley to ask Heinrich how he had arrived at his deductions.

"The presence of the fir-tree gum told me that the overalls could not have been worn by a garage mechanic," he said. "The gum, as well as the chips and needles came from Douglas firs, which grow only in the Pacific North-West. As there was quite a quantity the man must have been in that area for some time.

"The chips, the overalls and the gum suggested that he must be a lumberjack or tree-feller, and because there were more chips in the right-hand pocket than in the left showed he must be left-handed.

"You see," he went on, "when a right-handed man is cutting down a tree he stands with the left side of his body nearest the tree and swings the axe with his right hand.

"The majority of the flying chips will collect in his left-hand pockets. In this case, the position is reversed. He must have been left-handed.

"THE single hair told me the colour of his eyebrows and hair. That hair was round. Therefore he is a white man. A negro's hair is elliptical.

"The nail-parings told me he is fastidious, and I deduced his weight and height by the simple process of measuring the overalls!"

Heinrich was able to supply yet another valuable clue.

Criminologist Heinrich, America's Sherlock Holmes No. 1 (left), discusses the testimony of a San Francisco doctor when appearing in court to assist in the defence of a man accused of murdering his wife

On ripping down the pocket seams he discovered a tiny scrap of paper bearing the number 236L, which proved to be part of a money order receipt shown by Post Office records to have been sent by Roy de Autremont to his brother Ray *from a Pacific North-West lumber camp!*

NOW Roy, Ray and Hugh de Autremont were notorious "bad hats." Yet there was no trace of the three brothers.

They had disappeared from their usual haunts on the day of the multiple killing.

The three murderers were not arrested for nearly four years, four years during which "America's Sherlock Holmes No. 1" directed the investigation from his Berkley laboratory without even bothering to visit the scene of the crime.

After Heinrich had given evidence, the jury had no hesitation in declaring the three brothers guilty.

But because of the lapse of time, a soft-hearted justice only sentenced the murderers to life imprisonment.

"JOHN BULL'S" PRIVILEGE HOME SERVICE TO ITS READERS

LAST CHANCE
to secure this Magnificent Family Size
£7-7-0 CANTEEN OF CUTLERY

YOURS at an AMAZING PRIVILEGE PRICE!

84 Beautiful Pieces

SPOONS AND FORKS WITH GUARANTEED DEPOSIT OF PURE SILVER PLATING
KNIVES OF FIRTH-BREARLEY STAINLESS STEEL WITH MIRROR POLISH — 15 COMPLETE SETS
SET 1 Two Table Knives, Two Table Forks, Two Egg Spoons
SET 2 Six Dessert Spoons
SET 3 Two Dessert Knives, Two Dessert Forks, One Table Spoon
SET 4 Six Fruit Spoons, One Fruit Server
SET 5 Two Table Knives, Two Table Forks, Two Egg Spoons
SET 6 Three Pairs of All-metal Fish Eaters
SET 7 Two Dessert Knives, Two Dessert Forks, Three Tea Spoons
SET 8 Six Pastry Forks, Two Salt Spoons, Two Mustard Spoons
SET 9 Two Table Knives, Two Table Forks, Two Egg Spoons
SET 10 One Jam Spoon, One Pair Sugar Tongs, Three Tea Spoons, One Sharpening Steel
SET 11 One Carving Knife, One Carving Fork
SET 12 Six Soup Spoons
SET 13 Two Dessert Knives, Two Dessert Forks, One Table Spoon
SET 14 Three Pairs of All-metal Fish Eaters
SET 15 Jacobean Oak Shade Case to hold the complete 84 pieces

Here's a greatly reduced illustration showing the beautiful oak British canteen in its handsome case

THIS week "John Bull" announces a Final opportunity for readers to accept its remarkable privilege offer of a magnificent Sheffield-made Canteen of Cutlery!—Eighty-four lovely, glittering pieces—Spoons, Forks, Fish Eaters, Sugar Tongs and Fruit Server, with a Guaranteed deposit of PURE SILVER PLATING and Mirror Polish—Knives made of the famous Guaranteed Firth-Brearley Stainless Steel with Mirror Polish—All in beautiful Case in rich Jacobean Oak shade! And this superb Canteen of Cutlery, which in the ordinary way would cost at least £7 7s. 0d., can be yours on amazingly low Privilege terms if you act quickly! The strictly limited supplies which were reserved are absolutely unrepeatable. Once the sets available have gone you will never again be able to get them at the amazing terms on which they are now offered.

It's first come first served. This is definitely your last chance! Apply AT ONCE before it is too late! Post the Final Order-Label on right TO-DAY.

The complete Canteen will be distributed to readers in Fifteen Sets. The order in which they will reach you is given in the panel on the left.

Here is a Complete Family Canteen—every piece is exquisitely designed high class plate, perfectly made and balanced.

The Case is beautifully made and finished in a rich Jacobean Oak shade. It is lined throughout with Brown Baize and contains a patent spring rack in the lid, and compartments for the articles. The Case is fitted with decorative clasps and solid brass hinges, and is mounted on four shaped, non-scratching feet.

Sheffield the home of the world's finest cutlery—that is where this beautiful Canteen is being produced. Each blade of the Table and Dessert Knives is made of guaranteed FIRTH-BREARLEY STAINLESS STEEL—finished with a sparkling de luxe mirror polish. The blade and haft of each knife form one piece which is firmly and attractively set well down into the handle. The handles are oval-shaped and of super-quality delicately GRAINED WHITE IVORINE. Every spoon and every fork, the fruit server, the fish eaters, sugar tongs and the pastry forks have a GUARANTEED deposit of PURE SILVER PLATING, with a brilliant mirror polish finish.

Included in this fine Canteen is a THREE-PIECE CARVING SET—a Carving Knife with 9-in. Firth-Brearley Stainless Steel blade with mirror polish, a Forged Steel Carving Fork and a Sharpening Steel.

DO THIS NOW! Complete and post the Final Order-Label on right together with 6d. in stamps as Reservation Fee and your name will be placed on a Reservation List. Cutlery Set No. 1 will then be sent carriage paid in one month and you remit the deposit of 6s. 6d. within SEVEN DAYS after receipt. 14 Privilege Vouchers which entitle you to Sets 2 to 15—one Set each month—are also sent you. You apply for each of the Sets 2 to 15 by sending in one Voucher a month accompanied by the normal remittance. With each Voucher you send the special privilege amount of 6s. 6d. except 7s. 6d. for Set No. 11 Carving Knife and Fork, while, for the Case itself, Set No. 15, you send 10s. 6d.

DO NOT DELAY—Such value can never be offered again—Apply Now.

POST FINAL ORDER-LABEL ON RIGHT AT ONCE

You MUST fill in the Order-Label below. Affix a three-halfpenny Stamp to Label and post together with Stamps or Postal Order for 6d. in a sealed envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp to:—
"Cutlery," Dept. J.K.2,
39, Earlham St., London, W.C.2 (Prof.)

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A three-halfpenny stamp MUST be affixed here by you.

Write below in BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

Subject to War conditions and applies only to Great Britain, N. Ireland and Eire. Residents in Eire are required to pay any charges that may be levied.

"All must have relaxation if they are to continue to work with maximum efficiency" —Chancellor of the Exchequer.

ENJOY HALF-an-HOUR TO-DAY on these ENTERTAINING COMPETITIONS!

£200 1st PRIZE—"BULLETS" 1224

Mrs. A. OSWELL, 95a, Boughton, Chester.

Example: BLOOD AND TOIL
Bullet: TILL BAYONET DISLODGES "BULLY."

SECOND PRIZE £25:

R. WOOD, 4, Grosvenor Street, Wellington Road South, Stockport.

Example: Feeling The Draught
Bullet: From Your Yawn, Nation.

THIRD PRIZE £10:

T. HOSIE, 37, Aletutha Avenue, Dumbarton, Scotland.

Example: Dictator Winston
Bullet: "Volcano" Homes *Safe* Beneath.

£5: C. H. Simms, 39, Surrey Road, Reading. On The Watch — Ironclads — "Ironsides" — Britain "Steeled." **£4:** J. B. Ibbotson, 21, Franklin Street Blackburn. Since War Came—We've Noticed Countryside's "Peace." **£3:** Miss A. Cooper, 43, Lovat Road, Preston. Down By The Sea—Deck-chairs "Letting Down" Britain.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s.:

Mrs G. Alefounder, 50, Ebers Road, Nottingham. Danger To Britain—Overhead—Panic's "Beneath Us." Mrs. Bean, Holly Lodge, Whitfield, Dover. United For Victory—Evacuees Raiding Sonny's Sweets! F. C. Darwell, 1, Bertrand Avenue, Blackpool. United For Victory—Villagers Questioning The Stranger! Mrs. W. Dawe, Kitley Lodge, Yealmpton, Plymouth. United For Victory—Hitler—And Our Pessimists! A. C. Evans, 47, Portswood Road, Southampton. Taking His Gas-mask—But Forget Trousers, Grandpa! Mrs. Laird, 17, Learmouth Crest, Edinburgh. Doesn't Follow — "Failed To Return," Failed. E. W. Morris, 9, Effra Mansions, Crownstone Road, Brixton, S.W. The Nazis Are Strong, But—The Little *Sea-dog* Laughed. G. S. Phillips, 55, Church Street, Arnble, Northld. Gallant Little Ally—"We'll Win—Daddy's There!" W. Swainston, 12, Montrose Street, Saltburn-by-Sea, Yorks. Since Blitzkrieg Came—No "Withdrawal" Of *Resolution*. E. Wallis, Park Road, North Leigh, Oxford. Road To Britain—Hitler's, If We "Swerve."

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices.

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a "Bullet," simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below:

AT BRITAIN'S GATES
SHOCK FOR MUSSOLINI
CIVILISATION
FIGHTING ON
REWARD OF VALOUR
DAD'S TRYING TO SAVE, SO
TO THE LAST
WASTED | DIRTY WORK
OUR GOAL | GOOD NEWS
WE MUST HAVE
WIFEY'S A SPITFIRE, BUT
LIKE A PACK OF WOLVES
TREACHERY
GETTING A BIT MORE
WAY TO GO
THE SLEEPER AWOKE AND
HORRORS OF WAR
FAITH'S FORTRESS

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

TO ..... HITLER
PANIC IN THE .....
IN GRANDPA'S .....
WHEN WE WERE ...
SLAVE TO .....
SONNY'S ..... SO

ENTRY-FEE

Coupons must be accompanied by crossed P.O., made payable to JOHN BULL, at the rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" entered. Write name, address and date of posting on back. If preferred, stamps at the rate of 3d. for each "Bullet," stuck as instructed to form provided, may be enclosed instead of P.O.

20 BONUSES each value £1
—for entrants whose sets of FOUR 'Bullets' on one coupon show most all-round merit.

ADDRESS ENTRY: 'BULLETS' No. 1,228, John Bull,' Long Acre, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to separate form provided, must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd, and their families are not eligible.

"BULLETS" PRIZES value over **£200**

1st PRIZE **£100** **£20** **£10**

£9 **£8** **£7** **£6** **£5** **£4** **£3**

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Example .....
BULLET
Example .....
BULLET
Example .....
BULLET
Example .....
BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two *Bullets* on this coupon.

P.O. ..... No. .....

"BULLETS" 1,228
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, JULY 6

FREE "BULLETS" You may enclose 2 FREE "Bullets" on plain paper if you enter fully completed 4-effort coupon above.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

FOR YOUR HELPFUL 'BULLETIN' **ENCLOSE ADDRESSED LABEL** FROM FOOT OF THIS PAGE

STAMPS MAY BE USED AS ENTRY-FEE
—Stick them to this form and enclose with 'Bullets' or Crosswords

1½D 1½D 1½D 1½D 1½D 1½D 1½D 1½D

AFFIX STAMPS BY CORNERS ONLY TO SPACES ABOVE AT THE RATE OF 3d. FOR EACH BULLET OR SQUARE ENTERED

WIN a "JOHN BULL" LIFE PENSION for YOUR ANSWERS to these CLUES!

X-WORD RULES AND CONDITIONS

Work out Puzzle with guidance of Clues provided—fill up entry-form in ink, not pencil—post (with necessary entry-fee) to near postmark of not later than Saturday, July 6.

Entry-fee at the rate of 3d. for each Puzzle Square completed must be submitted by Postal Order or stamps. If using Postal Order, make payable to Odhams Press *Ltd.*, cross "/& Co./," and fill in its number on entry-form. If using STAMPS, write "Stamps" and their total value in P.O. space—such stamps to be affixed to Stamp Form provided above Crossword Squares. No entrant may submit more than 16 Puzzle Squares or equivalent.

Address and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues form the standard of excellence by which all entries for this Crossword will be judged under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee—and all decisions will be based on the answers of competitors.

Result and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 18; entries accepted only on the condition that the published result of the double adjudication establishing Winners and Runners-up is regarded as final, and no responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mis-laid, and no correspondence can be entered into.

Should first or any other prize be shared, the lump sum will be divided between entrants eligible to share it; not more than one First or Runners-up prize, plus one other award, allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the Findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of "John Bull" in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants. Failure to comply with any of these Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

Employees of Odhams Press *Ltd.* and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 209 "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

ACROSS CLUES

1. A good one doesn't quarrel with his mates in the mine
5. Turning one may make difference to amount lost by waste
8. It probably won't be easy to make one bend
7. There's sometimes a good bit of plaster in one
10. It's surprising how interesting a study of these can be
11. Many have discovered it's a hard job fighting to overcome this
15. It's no 'joke if you're badly stung by
16. That of machine may be forced up when supply is cut off
17. It's easy to attack infantry if they're advancing in this

DOWN CLUES

1. When worker's become still through long hankering over work, you wouldn't expect him to do this readily
2. Withdrawing may be a painful business if this is a big one
3. Is sometimes such that it gives away the whole character of a man
4. Valuable one may be worth many hundreds of pounds
6. Runners' record-breaking one will interest most athletes
8. Army needs sometimes account for an extension of this
9. One can get a lot of different articles in a big one
12. One doesn't need a great deal of space for this
13. Troops might well have a brother and a bit of a rest in this
14. Copper may be suitable for a small one

RESULT AND WINNING SQUARE—X-WORD No. 208.

The following twenty-two competitors share £300, each receiving £13 13s. 9d. for set of most meritorious Answers, seen on right.

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Film: Selo H.P.2. Exposure: 1/100 sec. Aperture: f/11.

Susie and friend, somewhere in Somerset

W. Suschitzky, photographer of international reputation relied on a Selo film for this snap. Selo films have extra speed for difficult light and extra latitude for exposure errors.

How to take a snap like this

CLOSE-UPS. Get as close as you can (use a portrait attachment with box cameras). Choose a plain and contrasting background to make the subject stand out. Avoid too bright sunlight for close-up portraits because of shadows. Light a little in front and from one side.

FILM. For Roll Film cameras use:
Selo-Ortho — Selochrome — Selo F.P. — Selo H.P.2.

For miniature cameras taking 35 mm. perforated film use:
Selochrome (special fine grain) 27°.
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